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CONTENTS.

PAGE

A YEAR OF CONTINENTAL LITERATURE. I. . 51

DEATHS OF A MONTH 53

ENGLISH AT AMHERST COLLEGE. *John F. Genung* 54

THE AMERICAN PHILOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION. *J. R. S.* 56

COMMUNICATIONS 56

The Teaching of Literature. *W. H. Johnson.*

A Society of Comparative Literature. *Charles Mills Gayley.*

The Shakespeare Society of New York and Its "Bankside" Shakespeare. *Appleton Morgan.*

To the Memory of Tennyson. *Annie Fields.*

IN THE KARAKORAM HIMALAYAS. *E. G. J.* . 58

DUTCH INFLUENCE UPON AMERICA. *Francis W. Shepardson* 61

UNCONSTITUTIONAL LEGISLATION. *Harry Pratt Judson* 62

RECENT POETRY. *William Morton Payne* 63

Lang's Ban and Arrière Ban.—LeGallienne's English Poems.—Mrs. Hinkson's Cuckoo Songs.—Cochrane's The Kestrel's Nest.—Mitchell's Poems.—Smith's Lyrics and Sonnets.—Parker's A Lover's Diary.—McCulloch's The Quest of Heracles.—Hall's When Hearts Are Trumps.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS 69

A favorite book about Venice.—A new volume of essays by Mr. Ruskin.—West Irish Folk-tales.—Lights and shadows of a Celtic Twilight.—The historian of the Council of Trent.—Life and works of Richard Steele.—Value and growth of the British empire.

BRIEFER MENTION 70

NEW YORK TOPICS. *Arthur Stedman* 71

LITERARY NOTES AND MISCELLANY 72

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS 74

LIST OF NEW BOOKS 74

A YEAR OF CONTINENTAL LITERATURE.

I.

In "The Athenæum" for July 7 is published the annual summary of literary production upon the Continent that has of late years been so important a feature of that valuable journal. There are twelve articles altogether, devoted respectively to Belgium, Bohemia, Denmark, France, Germany, Greece, Holland, Hungary, Italy, Poland, Russia, and Spain. For some unexplained reason, Norway, Sweden, and Portugal are unrepresented in this survey,—an unfortunate omission, since the literary importance of those countries is considerable, and since their inclusion would have made the review practically complete. Following the precedent of last year, we have thought it desirable to summarize these summaries for the readers of THE DIAL, reproducing the most salient of their comments, and enumerating the more important of the works discussed.

M. Joseph Reinach, who makes the French contribution to this symposium, opens the discussion by presenting a classified abstract of a year's output, representing a total of more than eleven thousand publications of one or more volumes each. Medical science is credited with over a thousand titles, and Catholic theology with nearly that number. Education, law, history, biography, and fiction are responsible for something like half a thousand each. Russian grammar foots the list with three works. It is obviously no easy task to single out from this enormous number of publications the few that may be mentioned in a brief article. M. Reinach gives first place to "the altogether exceptional abundance of books dealing with Napoleon and his times." Among these he mentions M. Lévy's "Napoléon Intime," M. F. Masson's "Napoléon et les Femmes" and "Napoléon chez Lui," and the memoirs of General Thiébault and Chancellor Pasquier. Among other historical works, the highest rank must of course be given to the two posthumous volumes that complete Renan's "Histoire du Peuple d'Israël."

> "They exhibit the same decisive handling, the same lucid historical instinct, as ever; more than ever do they display the same wonderfully luminous style, with the brilliant parallels and unexpected collocations which were so characteristic of Renan's imaginative and fastidious literary sense."

Mention is also made of M. Lavisse's "Le Grand Frédéric avant l'Avènement," M. Hanoteaux's "Histoire du Cardinal de Richelieu," and M. de Mazade's "L'Europe et les Neutralités." Among literary studies there are volumes on Hugo by MM. Biré and Mabilleau, a biography of Alfred de Musset by Arvède Barine, and a collection of posthumous essays on English literature and philosophy by M. J. Milsand. In fiction, M. Zola leads off with "Le Docteur Pascal," the very last of the

seemingly interminable Rougon-Macquart series, ending a task entered upon a quarter-century ago, and pursued with unflagging energy ever since. M. Reinach finds nothing else that is particularly noteworthy in the year's fiction, although he gives a long list of novels, and comments briefly upon a number of them. In poetry, the two most important publications have been Hugo's "Toute la Lyre" and M. de Hérédia's "Les Trophées." Of the former work we read:

"This collection of separate poems, which is the fitting sequel to the former series issued under the same title, exhibits every side of Victor Hugo's genius. He is now the visionary who, in spite of perpetual struggle, believes in a better time to come and in the ultimate triumph of justice; now the poet whose exquisite sensibility comprehends the voice of nature and interprets it unerringly, singing of love in idyls which have an old-world grace; now the ironical cynic who turns all to ridicule; now the sympathetic painter of scenes of every-day life; now 'the mouthpiece of the people's conscience,' as he called himself, the singer whose stirring and terrible tones pursue with fiery impetuosity all who had to do with the Coup d'Etat, represented in this volume by several poems whose vengeful spirit might well have fitted them for a place in the magnificent pages of 'Les Châtiments.' It is surprising that these verses were not collected by the poet in his lifetime, for in vigor of inspiration and beauty of form they are equal to any he published; but what is far more amazing is the wealth of genius that could hold such poems in reserve, the gigantic and almost appalling productive power which has made it possible for us, even after we had grown familiar with so many immortal masterpieces, to hear anew the splendid sounds of the poet's lyre."

The German article, by Hofrath Robert Zimmermann, tells at relatively great length a story of no great importance. "The combat between 'ancients' and 'moderns,' 'idealists' and 'realists,' still continues," he tells us. One-fourth of his article is given up to an account of Herr Hauptmann's new play, "Hannele Mattern's Himmelfahrt," which we should judge to be an exceptionally dreary composition. It "describes the death-struggle of an ill-treated child of the proletariate," and, we are further informed, "has no action whatever." Herr Halbe's "Jugend" and Herr David's "Hagar's Sohn" are two other plays discussed at some length. Poetry in Germany seems to be mostly submerged beneath floods of verse. The figure is the author's, who connects poetry with fiction by another figure equally suggestive.

"If lyric poetry resembles a flooded plain, from which rise but a few peaks on which perch real singing-birds, we might not inaptly compare prose literature of an imaginative sort to a sandy plain of moderate elevation, on the almost endless surface of which, overspread with vegetation, are scattered here and there a few erratic blocks of the ancient formation."

The "Kleopatra" of Dr. Ebers appears to have been the most striking novel of the year.

"It deals with the romantic life of the last queen of the Ptolemies, so full of changing fate and adventures of love; but it is not the rosy morning and bright noonday that he depicts, but instead its blood-red sunset and tragic end in the gloom of a mausoleum built by the heroine herself. It is strange that the author should have refrained from the world-famous duet between Antony and the Armida of antiquity, in order to begin with the gloomy concluding scene of the fifth act of the tragedy."

Other works of fiction are Herr Hopfen's "Glänzendes Elend," Herr Sudermann's "Es War," and Herr Heyse's short story, "Melusine." The most noteworthy feature of the year's production seems to be found in the numerous memoirs of men of letters that have appeared. The period of literature which began with the foundation of the Empire is nearing its close, and many of its authors are telling the story of their lives. Among these narratives are those of Dr. Ebers and Herr Felix Dahn, Herr Hanslick's "Erinnerungen aus Meinem Leben," and Herr Fontane's "Meine Knabenjahre." A few other books of interest are Herr Baechthold's life of Gottfried Keller, a volume of five lectures by the late Bernhard ten Brink, two additional volumes of Prince Bismarck's speeches, and a work upon Dr. Ibsen's plays, by Herr Emil Reich.

Dr. Alfred Ipsen, writing of Danish literature, is "strictly careful not to mingle it with the Norwegian," which is something of a pity, since Norwegian literature, as well as Swedish, does not appear in the "Athenæum" series of articles. The number of books produced during the year in Denmark, Dr. Ipsen writes, "Has been very great—much too great, indeed, for so small a nation, as, although I do not doubt that we are one of the nations of Europe which read most, still there is a limit to what even we can consume. And besides what our own authors can produce, we import and translate numbers of foreign works from all parts of Europe, from France, Russia, Germany, and England—even some from Italy and Spain. I am inclined to believe that with our small market we introduce more from foreign languages than the English people."

A movement is on foot to check this general onslaught upon foreign preserves by bringing Denmark into the Convention of Berne. This movement has not yet been successful, but the Danish literary guild has organized an authors' union, similar to those established last year in Sweden and Norway. The writer of this article gives most of his attention to historical works, including Librarian Jörgensen's book on Chancellor Griffenfeld and Librarian Fridericia's book on the revolution of 1660, which

largely transferred the Danish power from the nobility to the king. Another work of great value is that of Herr Troels Lund, who has told the history of sixteenth century daily life in Denmark at great length.

"In vivid, picturesque language he depicts the customs and manners of the nation. He follows the citizen of that half-civilized century through all the changes of his life—from the cradle and nursery to the school, from the school to the shop or the battle-field, through all the civil and ecclesiastical ceremonies through which he had to pass, to the grave. It is only natural that such a work, which fills the empty frames of political history with lifelike pictures of people as they were, has found warm admirers not merely in Denmark, but also in Germany, where it seems to have caused a revolution in the conventional treatment of history as *Staatsgeschichte*."

There has been nothing very noticeable in Danish *belles-lettres*, unless we except "Solblomster," a volume of poems by Herr Michaelis. But it is interesting to be told that "dry, descriptive realism is passing out of favor," and that "there is a search for ideals of a higher order."

The Belgian literature of the year, in both French and Flemish, is described by Professor Frédéricq. "La Jeune Belgique" is to the fore, represented by M. Georges Rodenbach, whose "Le Voile" has been performed at the Théâtre Français, and M. Georges Eekhoud, whose "La Nouvelle Carthage," a study of modern Antwerpian life, has been awarded the quinquennial prize of five thousand francs for French literature in Belgium. M. Rodenbach has also published "Le Musée de Béguines," a vivid account of the life led by the inmates of the famous institution of Bruges. Three "marionette plays," by M. Maeterlinck, are entitled "Alladine et Palomides," "Intérieur," and "La Mort de Tintagiles." As becomes a country that has done so much for the production of the Wagnerian music-dramas, Belgium offers us "L'Esthétique de Richard Wagner," in two volumes, by M. J. G. Fréson, and a further instalment of M. Kufferath's analytical studies. A few other works are the concluding volume of "Belgique Illustrée," an anonymous book about Emile de Laveleye, a volume of essays by that writer, and Librarian van der Haeghen's bibliography, preliminary to his forthcoming essay upon the works, of the great Erasmus. In Flemish Belgium, the greatest sensation of the year has been M. Cyriel Buysse's "Het Recht van der Sterkste," which "furnishes a painful and repulsive picture of the conditions under which the lives of beggars, thieves, and poachers are passed on the Flemish countryside." The most important poetical publications of the year have been "Claribella," by M. Pol de Mont, and "Verzen," by Mlle. Hélène Swarth. A succession of monographs upon the towns and villages of Flemish Belgium have also appeared.

The event of the year in Holland, according to M. Taco de Beer, has been the publication of "Majesteit," by Heer Couperus. The book seems to be "modern" in the morbid sense, as was to be expected, but "the decorative scenery is done in so good a style, and there is so much aristocracy introduced, that the tale is making a deep impression." Other notable novels are Heer Lapidoth's "Goëtia," a nihilist story, Heer Adema's "Thea," a tale of occultism, Heer Slothouwer's "In een Groote Stad," "a picture of pessimism and melancholy," and Heer Kops's "Op Leven en Dood," a story of the French Revolution. In poetry, the writer claims for Holland the two volumes already named under Flemish Belgium, and Dr. Koster's "Niobe," said to be finished in the Tennysonian manner. Five plays are chronicled, all of which "tend to glorify the nervous youngster who claims the right to leave labor to others, and do any mischief he likes." Several works of serious aim are enumerated, such as Professor Pierson's "Geestelijke Voorouders," or studies in the history of civilization. "Literary criticism and the study of the history of literature are extinct" in Holland, according to the present writer, and this pessimistic observation is in keeping with the tone of his entire article. We reserve for our next issue a summary of the year's literature in Southern and Eastern Europe.

DEATHS OF A MONTH.

August Dillmann, the great Semitic scholar, died at Berlin on the fourth of July, at the age of seventy-one. Professor Cheyne writes of him in "The Academy" as follows: "Dillmann and Schrader were both pupils of Ewald, and carried on that tradition of a philological treatment of theological documents which Ewald himself joined with Gesenius to initiate. But if it was at Göttingen that Dillmann caught his enthusiasm for the study of languages and of the Bible, to Tübingen and Berlin he owed a full scope for learned labor. Like Schrader, he was induced by Ewald to take up Ethiopic; his Ethiopic Grammar and Dictionary, and his edition of part of the Ethiopic Old Testament, and of the Book of Enoch, have won for him the abiding gratitude of students of that interesting language. Quite lately Dillmann expressed his hope of revising his text and translation of Enoch. Dillmann's Old Testament commentaries are well known. His restless energy in bringing out new editions of them, in some respects thoroughly up to date, was a perpetual surprise to younger scholars. The study of Hexateuch-criticism owes much to him;

and if it was provoking to some of his opponents that one so clear-sighted could not join them in their revolutionary theories, it surprised and touched them when they saw him, from sheer love of truth, making concessions which seemed to them next door to complete surrender. As a theologian, he held the cautiously progressive views which might be expected from a disciple of Ewald. His dissertation on prophecy may still be read with instruction. But it is as an historical scholar and a philologist that he will be remembered."

From "The Academy" we also take these remarks upon Sir Austen Henry Layard, who died on the fifth of July, at the age of seventy-seven: "He was born in Paris, and educated in Italy, which country he always regarded as a second home. When little more than twenty years of age he set off on his travels to the East, the account of which is contained in his latest book — 'Early Adventures in Persia, Susiana, and Babylonia,' including a residence among the Bakhtiyari and other wild tribes before the discovery of Nineveh (1887). It was from Lord Stratford de Redcliffe that he received both encouragement and pecuniary means to excavate the site of Birs Nimrud, near Mosul, in 1845. His discovery of the famous Winged Bulls arrested public attention to an extent that has been granted to no subsequent archæologist. A second expedition, under the auspices of the Trustees of the British Museum, revealed the library of Sardanapalus. The results were published in two portfolios of 171 plates (1848–53), under the title of 'Monuments of Nineveh,' and also in a succession of popular volumes. Oxford was the first to recognize his services to learning by conferring upon him the degree of D.C.L. at the Commemoration of 1848; and seven years later he was elected Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen. Layard now entered upon a fresh career as Radical politician and Turcophile diplomatist, which it is not necessary to follow here. But we must not pass over his devotion to Italian art, which occupied the later years of his life. Since 1868 he has been one of the most active trustees of the National Gallery; and he had formed, in his palazzo at Venice, a choice collection of pictures of the schools of Northern Italy, under the guidance of his friend, the late Signor Morelli. In 1868, he wrote, for the Arundel Society, an account of the Brancacci Chapel at Florence, and of the painters Masolino, Masaccio, and Filippino Lippi. In 1887, when he was already seventy years of age, he undertook single-handed a revision of Kugler's 'Handbook of Painting,' in the light of the most recent discoveries; and yet more recently he wrote a preface to the English translation of Morelli's 'Italian Painters.'"

Charles-Marie Leconte de Lisle, the leader of the Parnassiens from the death of Gautier, was born on the Island of Reunion October 23, 1818, and died at Paris on the seventeenth of July, at the age of seventy-five. After much travel in his early years, in 1846 he took up permanent residence in Paris. His "Poemes Antiques," published in 1852, was the first of many volumes of verse. He also made numerous translations from the Greek, including Theocritus, Anacreon, the "Iliad," Hesiod, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. In 1886 he succeeded to Hugo's chair in the Academy. His original verse is characterized by perfection of form and rich coloring, and reflects a pantheistic mode of thought. He was at the time of his death the greatest of the remaining French poets, with the possible exception of M. Sully-Prudhomme.

*ENGLISH AT AMHERST COLLEGE.**

No study in our American colleges is so directly and practically important as the study of English; yet none is so beset with problems of administration and method. To detail all of these would take up too much space here; I will merely indicate some of the leading ones, to the solution of which the teachers of English at Amherst have been devoting their attention during the last dozen years. There is, first of all, the question what to do with it as a required study. For the old idea seems a sound one, that whatever the predominance of elective studies, English, at least English composition, should be required of all; that is, that no possibility should be opened for any student to gain his degree without some training in the practical use of his mother-tongue. Yet as a required study in the midst of electives, English is at a disadvantage; the very fact that it is compulsory weights it with an odium which in many colleges makes it the bugbear of the course. This ill repute was increased in the old-fashioned college course by the makeshift way in which time was grudged out to it in the curriculum. Under the name of "rhetoricals," English declamations, orations, and essays used to be sandwiched in where some little crevice opened between other studies, once a week perhaps, or at some irregular hour supposably unavailable for anything else. Now every teacher knows that a once-a-week study cannot be carried on with much profit or interest; it cannot but be a weariness to student and instructor alike. It finds its way into the hands of incompetent and inexperienced teachers; it has to rank as the Ishmael among the studies.

It was the conviction of the teachers of English at Amherst that such ill repute was by no means a necessary accompaniment of their department. They believe that English, if granted a fair chance, could trust to its own intrinsic value and interest for survival, as confidently as could any other study. I need not here recount the history of their quiet and steady work, first to gain a fair meed of time for the various branches of their department, then to obtain recognition for it as an elective study by the side of other electives, finally to retain the proper

* This article is the thirteenth of an extended series on the Teaching of English at American Colleges and Universities, of which the following have already appeared in THE DIAL: English at Yale University, by Professor Albert S. Cook (Feb. 1); English at Columbia College, by Professor Brander Matthews (Feb. 16); English at Harvard University, by Professor Barrett Wendell (March 1); English at Stanford University, by Professor Melville B. Anderson (March 16); English at Cornell University, by Professor Hiram Corson (April 1); English at the University of Virginia, by Professor Charles W. Kent (April 16); English at the University of Illinois, by Professor D. K. Dodge (May 1); English at Lafayette College, by Professor F. A. March (May 16); English at the State University of Iowa, by Professor E. E. Hale, Jr. (June 1); English at the University of Chicago, by Professor Albert H. Tolman (June 16); English at Indiana University, by Professor Martin W. Sampson (July 1); and English at the University of California, by Professor Charles Mills Gayley (July 16).— [EDR. DIAL.]

relation and balance of elective and required study. All this came about so naturally as to seem a spontaneous evolution rather than what it actually was, a strenuous and determined working out of a plan.

The best name by which to characterize the work in English as now conducted at Amherst is *laboratory work*. Whatever the diversities of aim and method between the teachers, in this respect they are at one: each of their courses is a veritable workshop, wherein, by systematized daily drill, details are mastered one by one, and that unity of result is obtained which is more for practical use than for show. The required work in English, which is all under the charge of Professor Henry A. Frink, has to do with the English of oral expression. It consists of two terms of elocutionary drill, or declamation, in Freshman year, and one in Sophomore year; two terms of rhetoric, carried on by means of essays, exercises, and lectures, in Freshman year; and three terms of debates, both extemporaneous and prepared, in Senior year. This comprises in itself a body of work fully as large as obtained in the old days of "rhetoricals"; and when we consider the careful emphasis given to individual drill and criticism, in which work the services of five assistants are employed, we may well regard it as far beyond the average of the old courses in efficiency.

In the elective study of English, each college year has its course characteristic of the year. These courses, in the way in which they supplement each other, form a natural sequence; yet they are independent of each other, each professor being supreme in his sphere, to plan, carry out, and complete, according to his own ideas. A trio in which the members work side by side, in coöperation rather than in subordination.

The elective English of the Sophomore year, under the charge of the writer, centres in written expression, the study and practice of rhetoric. The rhetoric thus pursued — as the many users of the writer's text-books throughout the country need not be reminded — is not the mere broadened study of grammar; it is a study of the organizing of discourse, from the choice of words up, as a real author must seek to effect it: a determinate study, in however humble way, of literature in the making. Two terms of work, based on the text-book and on the "Handbook of Rhetorical Analysis," are carried on by daily recitations and written exercises; these latter, invented to illustrate in succession the rhetorical principles under consideration, being progressive in character and requiring as they advance more originative work on the part of the student. The course has too many interesting and novel features to detail here; one of these, which has proved very profitable and interesting, is the setting up in type of many of the students' written productions and the reading and criticism of them in proof.

The third term is devoted to the writing of essays and careful individual criticism of each one in personal interviews. Each man in the class presents an essay about once a fortnight. By the side of this work there is carried on, as time and numbers permit, a course of reading and discussion of the leading prose writers; also a voluntary English seminary, after the manner of the German universities.

In the Junior year begin the elective classes of Professor Frink. Two hours a week in the first term are devoted to the study of logic, and two hours to a progressive and systematic course of Public Speaking. The work of this foundation term takes the form of debates, study and analysis of American and British orations, and Shakespearean readings. In a similar manner, public speaking is continued through the second term; the debates, discussions, and speeches of various kinds having to do with the rhetoric of oral expression. Much stimulus to these studies under Professor Frink is supplied by the numerous prizes offered for proficiency in the work of each term. Nor, though the number of men concerned and the extent and variety of the work would seem to necessitate much that is merely perfunctory, is this work anything like a mere routine. The industry and genius of Professor Frink in adapting his labors and interests to the personal peculiarities of each individual precludes that; and in the sunshine of such friendly relations many a man finds powers awakened that he had not suspected in himself, or powers that were running wild ordered and steadied.

With the third term of the Junior year begins, under Professor H. Humphrey Neill, the study of English literature. Here the aim is to do with a good degree of thoroughness whatever is done; hence familiarity with a limited number of the great writers is sought, rather than a smattering information about many. The method of work, as in the other English studies, is eminently the laboratory method; and this, while based in just proportion on facts and details, is so aimed as to get at the spirit of the literature. The opening term of the course is devoted, in part through text-books and in part through lectures and discussion of the principles of literary criticism, to the course of the literature down to the end of the sixteenth century; special attention being given to Chaucer, Spenser, Bacon, Milton, and Dryden. Shakespeare is reserved for a special term. In the study of these, dependence is placed not so much on reading *about* the author as on familiarity with the author himself.

With the beginning of the Senior year the students work more independently. The first term is devoted to the prose writers of the eighteenth and the early part of the nineteenth century; the second to the poets of the same period. Two weeks are given to the study of each author; and on each author certain members of the class read extended and carefully studied essays. These essays, in connection with the readings and topics prescribed, are made the basis of the class discussions and examinations. In this way the men are taught to form and test their own opinions. In the third term of Senior year (the fourth of the course) the study is Shakespeare. A minute exegesis of one or two of

the greatest plays is given by means of lectures and topics for reading. In addition to this, four other plays are studied as a collateral course by the class, and made the subject of written examinations. This Shakespearean course is open to all, whether they have elected the three preceding terms or not.

A special course is also given to a few who in every class, having pursued the course of the three prescribed terms, wish to carry their literary studies further. It consists of special investigation under the direction of the professor, but with no stated recitations.

Such, in a very meagre outline, is the course of English study at Amherst. To pass judgment on it is for others, rather than for us who conduct it.

JOHN F. GENUNG.

Professor of Rhetoric, Amherst College.

THE AMERICAN PHILOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

This well-known body of American scholars has completed the twenty-fifth year of its organization; an event which in Germany would probably be called a *Jubiläum*, and celebrated accordingly. The Association, however, remained content with the usual annual meeting, which was held at Williamstown, Mass., beginning on July 10. An unusually large number of members were in attendance, and the papers read, to the number of two dozen, were well received, and generally worthy of the occasion. Perhaps as interesting, from their novelty, as any, were the paper of Professor Wright, of Harvard University, on the votive tablet to Artemis Anaitis and Men Tiamou, recently picked up in a Boston curiosity shop, and now in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts; and that of Professor Allen, of Harvard, on the music of the hymn to Apollo recently discovered by the French *savans* at Delphi, and transcribed by M. Reinach in modern musical notation. The hymn as thus modernized was sung by Professor Sihler, to piano accompaniment, in the parlor of the hotel next morning, much to the entertainment of the assembled scholars.

The Association was handsomely treated by the Trustees and Faculty of Williams College. President and Mrs. Carter gave a noon reception and luncheon to the members on Wednesday; after which the majestic summit of Greylock was reached by an excursion, which absorbed the entire afternoon, but well repaid all fatigue incurred by affording one of the most superb mountain panoramas in New England.

At one of the sessions a resolution was adopted expressive of the Association's sorrow for the death of Professor W. D. Whitney, and its sense of the loss thus sustained by American scholarship. Professor Whitney was one of the founders of the Association, and its first President, and has always remained deeply interested in its welfare. It was also resolved to hold a joint meeting with the American Oriental Society and other similar bodies, at Philadelphia, in the Christmas holidays, to unite in memorial exercises in honor of Professor Whitney. This, of course, will not supersede the next regular annual meeting, which will be held at Cleveland, Ohio, July 9, 1895. As some objection was made to coming so far "West," on the ground that the Eastern members are the most numerous and active, it seems especially incumbent on members, and those who ought to be members, living in the Central and Western States, to rally in large numbers at Cleveland next summer. Readers of THE DIAL will, it is hoped, aid in furthering this desirable end.

J. R. S.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE TEACHING OF LITERATURE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Your correspondent who asks, in THE DIAL of June 1, "How Shall English Literature Be Taught?" suggests difficulties which meet the teacher of any other literature, as well as of English. Those difficulties are less serious with the classical teacher, for instance, only because his pupils are compelled, even to the end of the college course, to devote so large a portion of their time to purely *linguistic* study. The college teacher of English, however, begins with pupils who can read their texts at sight, as far as merely linguistic difficulties are concerned. If any material portion of the time be given to linguistics, it is from choice, not absolute necessity. If the teacher wishes to devote the time to "literature," he may do so. But what is "literature"? "The teacher of English who concerns himself with the subject-matter of his text soon wanders into forbidden fields—and lo! the dilettante," says your correspondent. Has the subject-matter, then, so little to do with literature that it can be ignored, and "literature," not simply some one or more aspects of the same, still be taught? It would be interesting to see a detailed argument for such a position. In fact, some of the single phases of literary study cannot be adequately treated apart from the subject-matter. Take the rhetorical, for instance,—what is responsible for the wide rhetorical difference between Lowell's "Present Crisis," "Fountain of Youth," and "Commemoration Ode"? between the Twenty-third Psalm and Whittier's scathing review of Carlyle's "Occasional Discourse on the Negro Question"? Simply the subject-matter. Will any teacher attempt to consider these specimens of literature from the rhetorical standpoint, and leave subject-matter out of the account?

But the subject-matter leads into "forbidden fields," we are told. Why forbidden? Because they "impinge more or less" upon the territory of other chairs "concerned with the humanities"? Has specialization gone so far, then, that there must be a sort of "Devil's lane" between my field and that of each of my colleagues? Is it not well, on the contrary, that the different departments *should* impinge upon one another here and there? Let us not give the pupil an impression that he is storing various compartments of his brain with materials which are in danger of explosion in case of accidental contact.

Given the point of view which your correspondent seems to take, and the question should be, not *how* shall English, or any other, literature be taught, but, can it be taught at all? In the fulness of its meaning, ninety-nine in every hundred of those of us who are trying must humbly answer *No!* But many of us will prefer to work toward such an ideal, even at the risk of "poaching" on the territory of our colleagues, or subjecting ourselves to that dread term of reproach, "dilettante."

W. H. JOHNSON.

Denison University, Granville, Ohio, July 12, 1894.

A SOCIETY OF COMPARATIVE LITERATURE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Since trustworthy principles of literary criticism depend upon the substantiation of æsthetic theory by scientific inquiry, and since for lack of systematic effort the comparative investigation of literary types, species, movements, and themes is not yet adequately prosecuted, I should like to call the attention of my fellow-workers to the need of collaboration. No individual can, unaided, gather from various literatures the materials necessary for an induction to the characteristic of even one literary type. The time has come for organization of effort. An association should be formed, as proposed by me in the last issue of THE DIAL, for the comparative investigation of literary growths. In this Society of Comparative Literature (or of Literary Evolution) each member should devote himself to the study of a given type or movement in a literature with which he is specially, and at first hand, familiar. Thus, gradually, wherever the type or movement has existed its evolution and characteristics may be observed and registered. In time, by systematization of results, an induction to the common and therefore essential characteristics of the phenomenon, to the laws governing its origin, growth, and differentiation, may be made. The history of national criticism, and the æsthetics of sporadic critical theory, are, of course, interesting subjects of study; but to adopt canons of criticism from Boileau, or Vida, or Puttenham, or Sidney, or Corneille, or even Lessing and Aristotle, and apply them to types or varieties of type with which these critics were unacquainted, is to sit in the well in your backyard and study the stars through a smoked glass. To come at the laws which govern the drama, for instance, it is not sufficient that we modify by generally accepted æsthetic principles the canons of a school of dramatic critics, and then revise the results in the light of our inductions from the drama of the charmed Græco-Roman-Celto-Teutonic circle in which we contentedly expatiate. The specific principles of technical (or typical) criticism must be based upon the characteristics of the type not only in well-known but in less-known literatures, among aboriginal as well as civilized peoples, and in all stages of its evolution. Arrangements should be made for the preparation and publication of scientific monographs on national developments of the drama. The comparative formulation of results would assist us to corroborate or to renovate current æsthetic canons of dramatic criticism. So, also, with other types — lyric, epic, etc. — and with the evolution of literary movements and themes. Of course the labor is arduous, and the limit undefined. But the work is not yet undertaken by any English or American organization, or by any periodical or series of publications in the English language. The members of this Society of Comparative Literature must be hewers of wood and drawers of water. Even though they cannot hope to see the completion of a temple of criticism, they may have the joy of construction: the reward of the philologist. For several years I have hoped that some one else would set this ball a-rolling. If the idea be received with favor, I intend to issue a detailed statement of the purposes and plans of such an organization. Assistance and criticism from those whom the suggestion may interest are respectfully solicited.

CHARLES MILLS GAYLEY.

University of California, Berkeley, Cal., July 20, 1894.

THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK AND ITS "BANKSIDE" SHAKESPEARE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

My attention is called to a letter addressed to Dr. W. J. Rolfe, which, though personal and not literary in character, is printed in the department of "Shakespeariana" in "The Critic" of this date.

This letter is signed by four persons, who attach to their names the titles of offices which they suppose themselves to hold in The Shakespeare Society of New York. Neither of these four persons is at present a Trustee of that Society. Only one of them has even a colorable claim to membership in good standing therein, and one of them is not a member at all. Not one of them has been present at a meeting or council of that Society for two years last past; and not one of them has ever contributed one cent to, nor has an interest to the amount of one cent in, the twenty-nine volumes which that Society has published, nor in the eighteen which are now leaving its press. There is no such officer as "Chairman of the Executive Committee" of that Society. Its charter provides for a Recording, and for an Assistant-Recording, Secretary, and for a Corresponding Secretary (whose duties are literary only). But there is no officer entitled to describe himself as "Secretary of the New York Shakespeare Society."

No attention need, therefore, be paid to the performances of these persons, nor to any statements which they may see fit to make concerning the Shakespeare Society of New York, especially to their statement that that Society has not "authorized" the Supplementary Volumes to "The Bankside Shakespeare," or that L. L. Lawrence, Clerk of the Publication Committee of that Society, is taking subscriptions for those volumes without authority.

APPLETON MORGAN,
President of the Shakespeare Society of New York.

21 Park Row, New York, July 14, 1894.

TO THE MEMORY OF TENNYSON.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

As I believe there are among THE DIAL'S readers men and women willing to contribute to the proposed Tennyson memorial, I trust you will kindly print the following:

Funds are being received for the erection of a lofty granite monolith, in the form of an Iona cross, to the memory of Alfred Tennyson. It has been decided to erect the memorial on the highest point of the famous down which overlooks the western end of the Isle of Wight, and the spot chosen is the "edge of the noble down," which Tennyson loved so well, and where he almost daily walked. The permission of the masters of Trinity House has been granted for the removal of the present wooden pile known to mariners as the Nodes Beacon, and the erection in its place of the Tennyson Beacon. As a land and sea mark visible from every point for many miles, the beacon cross should form a conspicuous and fitting memorial to the poet.

The amounts contributed by subscribers to the fund will not be published, but as a tribute to the great poet it is hoped to send to England the names of every man and woman "whose life has been touched 'to finer issues' by the poetry of Tennyson." Subscriptions may be sent to Miss Fay Davis, Secretary, in care of the undersigned.

ANNIE FIELDS.

Manchester, Mass., July 22, 1894.

The New Books.

In the Karakoram Himalayas.*

Mr. William Martin Conway's "Climbing in the Himalayas" is decidedly a notable book, and at all points a worthy shelf-companion to Mr. Whymper's fine work on the Andes issued two years ago. Apart from its scientific interest as the record of an important geographical enterprise, it presents a vivid picture of the perils and, to the Anglo-Saxon apprehension, the pleasures of mountaineering—a form of "sport" not yet seriously affected by athletic faddists on this side the water. In point of illustration the volume rather surpasses, to our thinking, even the best of the many beautiful books of travel heretofore issued. The artist is Mr. A. D. McCormick, and he has throughout treated the motives furnished him by the magnificent scenery of the Himalayas with a breadth and feeling that lift his work far above the average level of book illustration. As these plates are an important factor in the work, forming as they do a pictorial narrative ancillary to the text, we may quote Mr. Conway's testimony in the "Alpine Journal" as to their descriptive value:

"I was careful to impress on McCormick at the start that I wanted no topographical accuracy in his sketches — only the rendering of the impression a scene made upon him in light and color, a transfer of his vision of it to paper, so that, if possible, I might learn better how to see the hills by finding out how he saw them. As a matter of fact, his eye was so true to form that truthfulness of form was a part of his normal vision, and whoever looks at his works may be assured that they are accurate in outline and mass to a remarkable degree. His excellence and rapidity as a draughtsman are points that it is only fair that I should emphasize, for I reaped from them the most valuable fruit."

The expedition of which the volume is the record was made in 1892, under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society, the Royal Society, the British Association, and the Indian Government. The party consisted of Mr. Conway, Lieutenant Bruce (5th Gurkhas), Mr. McCormick, Lieut.-Col. Dickin, Mr. Roudebush, Mr. Eckenstein, and the Swiss guide, M. Zurbriggen. Starting from Abbottabad, they went to Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir, and thence crossed the main Himalaya chain by the Burzil Pass to Astor and Bunji to the Indus Valley. They followed the road to Gilgit, an important British frontier station. A month was spent in exploring the glaciers at the head of the Bagrot Valley and the great peaks near Rakipushi (25,500 feet). Returning to Gilgit, they went up the recently-annexed Hunza-Nagyr Valley and visited the towns of Hunza and Nagyr. From Nagyr two long expeditions were made into the snowy region to the south and southeast, before advancing to Hispar, at the foot of the longest glacier in the world outside the polar regions. Here dividing into two parties, they made the first passage by Europeans of the Mushik Pass, and the first definitely-recorded passage of the Hispar Pass, the longest known pass in the world. Uniting again at Askole, in Baltistan, they marched eastward up the Braldo Valley to the foot of the great Baltoro Glacier, which drains what is probably the greatest mountain group in the world. From this glacier valley tower K. 2 (28,250 feet), Gusherbrum (26,378), the Hidden Peak (26,480), the Golden Throne (23,600), the Bride (25,119), and Masherbrum (25,676). Forcing their way to the glacier head, where they camped for two nights at an altitude of 20,000 feet, they climbed Pioneer Peak (about 23,000 feet), the highest ascent yet authentically made. Returning to Askole, they crossed the Skoro Pass to Shigar and Skardo, whence they rode up the Indus Valley to Leh, the capital of Ladak. They went thence over the Zoji Pass to Kashmir and returned home from Srinagar to England, after an absence of about a year, 84 days of which were spent on snow or glacier.

It is impossible to give here anything like a fair epitome of the story of this tremendous journey, and we must content ourselves with a few extracts serving to indicate its general drift and style. Mr. Conway reached Srinagar on April 3, duly prepared to enjoy and to celebrate in his turn the oft-sung beauties of this "Venice of Kashmir." These beauties seem to have been considerably overpainted. Mr. Conway says, unfeelingly:

"It is the shabbiest and filthiest Venice imaginable, picturesque no doubt, but with the picturesqueness of a dirty Alpine village — a mere Zermath extended for miles along the banks of a big sewer. There is no architecture visible from the water highway, if one excepts the fine mosque of Shah Hamadan, a second-rate Hindu temple or two, and a ruined tomb-mosque. The rest is a mere patchwork of crazy wooden houses and ugly palaces. There is plenteous interest about the life on the river, the boats and barges, the cries of the rowers, the people washing by the dirty shore, the glimpses up foul alleys and what not; but there is no art in all this, only materials from which the artist can rend forth beauty by educated skill."

* Climbing and Exploration in the Karakoram Himalayas. By William M. Conway, M.A. Profusely illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Describing the New Bazar, one of the stock sights of Srinagar, Mr. Conway continues:

"Craftsmen were working in the open rooms on the ground floor; most of the shops were upstairs. We were at once surrounded by a crowd, crying, 'I sell you this!' 'I make you this!' 'Come and see my worrk!' 'You not buy from me; you buy from other man; see my things; I do good worrk; this is my shop!' and so on. We climbed crazy stairs and entered a small room wherein were tables covered with silver, copper, and brass inlaid with gay enamel. The dealer and his friends stood or squatted round; no one in particular seemed to own the shop. . . . We visited the *papier-machié* man, and noticed that English purchasers were steadily ruining his art by preferring his worst designs. He thought to capture us with one in particular. 'Last year I sold great many of these, every gentleman one pair, two pairs, mostly devil pattern—I sold great many devil pattern—devil pattern very much admired.' *Thus do the English befoul the world's art.*"

As the writer was formerly Professor of Art at Liverpool University, his testimony as to the art phase of the spreading "Anglo-Saxon contagion" carries some weight. John Bull, in fact, holding the power of the purse, would seem to have stimulated the once slow and scrupulous artificers of the Orient into a "pot-boiling" or Birmingham celerity, with not the happiest results — as in Japan, where art is largely sinking into a trade regulated by the demand of the western market.

Leaving Gilgit on May 10, the party reached the Hunza river on the day following, and crossed it by means of a *jhula*—a sort of primitive suspension bridge, cleverly enough constructed and curiously analogous in the main to the complex structures at Niagara and Brooklyn. As the natives let these bridges get into a rotten state before they mend them, it will be seen that, as the author feelingly testifies, a *jhula* out of repair is "about as nasty a thing for a landsman to cross as may well be imagined." Mr. McCormick gives a view of the one at Dainyor, a giddy affair spun like a cobweb over a gorge that might shake the nerves of a Blondin. Says Mr. Conway:

"Jhulas are formed of cables of twisted birch or other suitable twigs, each cable having a diameter of from two to three inches. Three of these cables, hanging in close contact side by side, and here and there tied together, formed the floor of the bridge. There is a hand-rope at a suitable level on each side, hanging in a similar curve to that of the floor cable. Each of the hand-ropes is formed of a couple of cables twisted round one another. They are uncomfortable things to hold, being too thick to grasp, and spiked all along with the sharp projecting ends of the birch-twigs, whose points keep catching the sleeve at awkward moments. The gaping void between the hand-ropes and the floor-rope is interrupted every couple of yards by a weak tie, or V, of twisted withe, fastened to the hand-ropes, and passing under and partly supporting the floor-rope. At intervals of twelve yards or so there is a horizontal cross-piece of wood, firmly tied to the two hand-ropes, to keep them apart and to prevent them from spreading too wide. The cross-pieces are about at the level of the waist of a man standing on the bridge. These have to be climbed over as they occur. . . . One bridge, however, was new and strong, and the novelty of the thing was exciting; so that I crossed without discomfort, and in a merely inquisitive frame of mind, such as one might have on a first occasion of dying. To be quite truthful it should be added that, when I reached the swiftest part of the current, the situation was none of the pleasantest; for the deceived eye deluded the imagination, and made believe that the water was standing still, and the bridge itself swinging furiously upstream."

Mr. Conway has duly brightened his pages with descriptions of the people of the remote regions visited. Very interesting were the villagers about Hopar in northern Kashmir, a race carrying on a primitive and fairly prosperous agriculture, though still living in a state of chronic inter-tribal or inter-communal warfare. At Hopar, he says,—

"We wandered leisurely by a winding path, through fields of green corn and blossoming beans, amongst which there was a quantity of mint in flower. Here, or elsewhere, whenever we approached women or children, they bolted away from us or tried to hide themselves. If their houses were near at hand, they ran for them like rabbits into their holes. If a familiar shelter was too far away, they hurried into the cornfields and cast themselves down amongst the corn, by which they were completely concealed. These people have the habit of war deeply ingrained. A stranger in their fields, who is not a prisoner, is a conqueror. Their attitude towards one who travels freely amongst them is thus an attitude of fear, which, however, is easily dispelled, and then they become the friendliest folk in the world, and will do anything for you."

During his stay Mr. Conway witnessed an overt act of tribal hostility which, offering a fair *casus belli*, nearly led to a general conflict.

"As we were returning through the fields to camp, a man rushed frantically amongst the growing corn and seized two kids. He broke their backs, one after another, and cast the carcasses on to the path. His act was seen by the owner of the kids, a peasant belonging to the next village, who cried aloud and summoned his friends. In a few minutes the population of both villages came together and drew up opposite each other, gesticulating and shouting in great anger. A peasant war seemed on the point of breaking out. We thus had experience of the moods to which the villagers of these parts owe their strongly battlemented walls."

Before leaving Hopar accounts had to be settled with the natives; and the author gives an amusing description of his dealings with the Raja's Munshi—a sort of local expert accountant, the *ex officio* representative of the villagers in the arithmetical battle which ensued. As the Munshi — a transparent humbug in point

of his supposed attainments — did his addition on his fingers and was totally incapable of multiplication and division, there was much "higgling of the market" — as Adam Smith says. "Well, what have I to pay for?"—began Mr. Conway.

"'There is *dud, atar, ghi*—yes, and there is wood too.' 'How much *atar?*' The Munshi, looking hopeless — 'Oh! you have had *atar;* let us say for ten rupees.' 'Nonsense! How much? How many seers?' 'Why, *hazor*, these are poor people, and have little *atar;* let us say eight rupees!' Habiba and the Gurkhas are called, and inform me of the exact number of seers each has had. 'Yes, that is quite right,' says the Munshi. 'But that is not worth eight rupees.' 'Well, how much does it come to, *hazor?* Tell me, for I do not know.' And so on. 'Now how many seers of milk?' 'Well, the Khansama knows; how much would *you* say?' 'Fifteen.' 'All right; fifteen is right.'"

In point of understanding the Hunshi's clients seem to have been worthy of their deputy, local information having to be screwed out of them piecemeal. "What do you call that valley?" Mr. Conway would ask.

"'I have no tongue.' 'That valley—is it Bualtar?' 'Ah! Bualtar.' 'And that hill—is it Shaltar?' 'Ah! Shaltar—Shaltar i Chish.' 'Good! now that village—what's its name?' 'Ah! village.' 'No. Begin again. The name of that is Bualtar?' 'Ah! Bualtar.' 'And that is Shaltar?' 'Ah! Shaltar.' 'And that village — what is it?' 'Ah! village.'"

Of the record of the party's mountaineering experiences, which takes up most of the volume, the following extracts from the chapter on the "Ascent of Pioneer Peak" may serve as a sample. The ascent of the Peak proper was begun on August 25 from "Upper Plateau Camp," a point at which an altitude of 20,000 feet had already been gained. The preceding night, says Mr. Conway, was bitterly cold, and by five o'clock Zurbriggen, the Alpine guide, was stirring, and began preparations for the journey.

"His was the laborious duty of preparing a warm drink of chocolate, with indifferent spirit to burn, and no space to manœuvre the apparatus in. The Russian lamp began to roar like a falling avalanche; and, while the chocolate was cooking, we struggled out of our sleeping bags and into our boots, and wound the *pattis* round our legs, first greasing our feet with marmot fat, for protection against the cold. Every movement was a toil. After lacing a boot, one had to lie down and take breath before one could lace the next."

Shortly before six all was ready, and the travellers faced the long snow slope stretching between them and the ridge along which the rest of the way was to lie.

"For an hour we plodded steadily upwards in the bitter cold. The risen sun left us still in the shadow, and moment by moment our limbs grew colder and our strength seemed to be evaporating. Gradually the severe exercise warmed our bodies, but our feet lost all sensation. We crunched our toes inside our boots with every step, and stamped our feet upon the ground; but nothing gave the smallest relief. At last it became necessary to halt and pull off our boots, to bring life back to our feet by rubbing. We were all on the point of being frost-bitten, and only saved ourselves by the most vigorous measures. During our halt the sun came upon us; and though our feet were numbed for the rest of the day, our bodies were soon far too hot to be comfortable. These variations between biting cold and grilling heat are one of the great impediments to mountaineering at high altitudes in these parts."

After a quarter of an hour's walk along the ridge, the first peak (20,700 feet) was reached, and the second peak (21,350 feet) after a rough scramble through rocks and over hard ice—in which "every step taken" had to be cut with the axe — in an hour and ten minutes. This labor of step-cutting Zurbriggen found infinitely more fatiguing than at the ordinary Swiss levels. The rest of the ascent was altogether monotonous—a dogged struggle of nearly three hours, with axe, rope, and alpenstock, up an *arête* heavily corniced on the left, so that the view on that side was completely shut out.

"Our advance was necessarily slow, and the terrible heat which the burning rays of the sun poured upon our heads did not add to its rapidity. There was plenty of air upon the actual ridge, and now and again a puff would come down upon us and quicken us into a little life; but for the most part we were in the midst of utter aerial stagnation which made life intolerable. I heard the click! click! of Zurbriggen's axe, making the long striding steps, and I mechanically struggled from one to another. I was dimly conscious of a vast depth down below on the right, filled with tortured glacier and gaping crevasses of monstrous size. Sometimes I would picture the frail ice-steps giving way, and the whole party falling down the precipitous slope. I asked myself upon which of the rocks projecting below should we meet with our final smash; and I inspected the schrunds for the one that might be our last not unwelcome resting-place. Then there would come a reaction, and for a moment the grandeur of the scenery would make itself felt. . . . At length the slope we were climbing became less steep. To avoid a larger mass of cornice than usual we kept away horizontally to the right, and presently discovered that the cornice was the actual summit of the third peak on the ridge. We held the rope tight with all imaginable precautions whilst Zurbriggen climbed to the top. He found a firm place where all could cut out seats for themselves, and there at 2.45 P. M. we entered upon well-earned repose."

The victory was won, for the halting-place was the top of Pioneer Peak, the highest point yet authentically reached by man.

"The moment we looked round we saw that the peak we were on was the highest point of our ridge. Beyond it was a deep depression, on the other side of which a long face of snow led up to the south ridge of the Golden Throne. From the Throne, therefore, we were utterly cut off. Ours was a separate mountain, a satellite of

its greater neighbor, whose summit still looked down upon us from a height of 1,000 feet, and whose broad extended arms shut out the view to the north-east which I so ardently desired to behold. Framed in the passes I have mentioned there were glorious mountain pictures; that to the south, looking straight down the great Kondus valley and away over the bewildering intricacy of the lower Ladak ranges being especially fine, and rendered all the more solemn by the still roof of cloud poised over it at a height of 25,000 feet. When one beholds a small portion of Nature near at hand, the action of avalanches, rivers, and winds seems tremendous, but in a deep-extending view over range after range of mountains, and valley beyond valley, Nature's forces are reduced to a mere trembling insignificance, and the effect of the whole is majestic repose. The clouds seemed stationary above the mountain kingdom; not a sound broke the utter stillness of the air. We ceased to pant for breath the moment the need for exertion was withdrawn, and a delicious lassitude and forgetfulness of past labor supervened upon our over-wrought frames."

The barometer, standing at 13.30 inches, gave an altitude of 22,600 feet. The summit of the Golden Throne, towering high above the Peak, was about 800 yards away horizontally, and elevated at an angle of 25°. "We were therefore," says Mr. Conway, "approximately, 1,100 feet below it. . . . If the G. T. S. value for the height of K.2 is correct, the Golden Throne must be 24,100 feet high, and the height of Pioneer Peak is over 23,000 feet." Tracings taken with the sphygmograph of the author's and M. Zurbriggen's pulse showed the damaging effect of the altitude. "Our breathing apparatus," says Mr. Conway, "was working well enough, but our hearts were being sorely tried, and mine was in a parlous state." Further climbing was out of the question—even for the hardy Swiss, who owned that "another step he could not cut. All recognized that the greatest we were going to accomplish was done, and that thenceforward nothing remained for us but downwards and homewards."

The total result of the expedition can be estimated from the present volume, and from the reports and scientific memoranda to be published separately, with maps, in the coming autumn. It is hardly necessary to say of Mr. Conway that no better man could have been chosen either as leader or chronicler of the expedition. A copious author, a Fellow of the Society of Arts and of the Royal Geographical Society, the Vice-President of the Alpine Club and editor of "The Alpine Journal," his name is familiar to the scientist and the general reader. We can point to no more readable, solidly informing, and outwardly attractive book of travels than "Climbing in the Himalayas."

E. G. J.

Dutch Influence upon America.*

The making of history is a gradual process. There are occasional wars, or political or social commotions; but the every-day life of the people occupies by far the greater part of the years of a nation's life. Little things are apt to pass unnoticed; local customs change; the character of a community is altered; old landmarks are swept away, and in the busy rush of our American life a new generation forgets the old, and the familiar customs of the fathers become strange to the children.

The writers of our history have too often been content with a recital of the leading events of military and political life, or have confined their attention to constitutional discussions, neglecting to note the fact that the development of the people, in their social, economic, and industrial conditions, gives the substantial basis to the nation's strength, and that much of history is made in quiet ways, without the scenic effects of the thunder-and-lightning of warfare.

But when once the writers turned their thought to the people, manifest differences appeared, strange and surprising difficulties; and various methods were adopted to harmonize these with the old theory that the American people are but transplanted Englishmen. Douglas Campbell stirred up a great deal of interest when he published his "Puritan in England, Holland, and America," two years ago. It led to the examination of the origin of certain features of American institutions, by a gentleman who has but recently published the results of his study in "Sources of the Constitution of the United States"; and it no doubt stimulated Dr. Griffis to reëxamine the facts of Dutch history, which had already appealed to him, and which he had collected into readable form in a pamphlet of his own. His volume on "Brave Little Holland, and What She Taught Us" is valuable for two reasons, certainly: it puts in a very attractive form the story of the growth of Holland, and, more especially, it presents many new and important considerations affecting the question, Just what influence did New Netherlands have upon American life, and how large an increment of population was thus added to the cosmopolitan colonies?

The claim is set forth that the foundations of the Empire State were laid by the Dutch,

* Brave Little Holland, and What She Taught Us. By William Elliott Griffis. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

and that, notwithstanding the short life of the colony before the occupation by the English in 1664, impressions had been made which were lasting, so that when New York, as a State of the American Union, formed its constitution and developed its institutions, the precedents from the monarchical form of government of England were disregarded for the principles of the republic across the sea. Details are given in illustration, and the array of claims is quite imposing. The list is somewhat familiar to students, but it goes without saying that there is a vast deal of importance in the sentence:

"From the Dutch system they [our fathers] borrowed the idea of a written constitution, a Senate, or States-General, the Hague, or District of Columbia, the Supreme Court (with vast improvements), the land laws, registration of deeds and mortgages, local self-government from the town and county to the government of governments at Washington, the common-school system, freedom of religion and of the press, and many of the details of the Dutch state and national systems."

But the interest of the volume does not come from this grouping of claims for Dutch influence, so much as from the many chance suggestions and references found all through the chapters, accounting for names and symbols, and throwing light upon peculiar customs or characteristics, noticed by others, but not so fully explained. No one can read the little book without feeling the truth of what is said about the relations existing between the Dutch Republic and that of the United States of America. Following the story of the one, the impression grows that when Benjamin Franklin declared, "In love of liberty and bravery in the defense of it, she has been our great example," he told but part of the truth. There must have been the influence of the example of a republic struggling for the improvement of constitutional government, and there must have been untold and hardly described influences which permeated the society of the middle colonies, where the seven thousand Dutch made their homes, weaving into the life of the people the web of Dutch character and Dutch ideas.

Even if the reader be one of those who contend that there was no influence but the English affecting American life and character before the great tides of immigration began to set in, there will be positive enjoyment in reading again the accounts of the various ways in which the people of Holland showed their sympathy for the American cause during the Revolution. Friends were scarce enough in those times, and "Brave Little Holland" should have a warm place in our hearts for her expressions of friendship then.

There is a lack of footnotes and references to support the statements of the text, but the book was not written for students and historians. The story is put in simple language for the young folks of America, and the author expresses his trust that by the book a deeper interest may be awakened in the little country of which John Adams wrote: "The originals of the two Republicks are so much alike, that the History of One seems but a Transcript from that of the other."

FRANCIS W. SHEPARDSON.

UNCONSTITUTIONAL LEGISLATION.*

Mr. Coxe's work on "Judicial Power and Unconstitutional Legislation" is incomplete. He planned two volumes, the first to contain a history of the relation of judicial power to a superior binding rule of right, the second to be a commentary on the text of our Constitution and devoted to establishing the thesis that the power to declare acts unconstitutional and void is expressly granted. The author died leaving the second volume so incomplete that his executors did not feel warranted in sending it to the press. The first volume, therefore, is the one before us. It is a very elaborate discussion of cases in Roman Law, Canon Law, English Law, and Modern Law, on the continent of Europe, as well as in the American colonies before the Revolution and in the United States under the Articles of Confederation. Cases are found in each division in which a court held a specific legislative enactment void because repugnant to what was held to be a superior rule.

These scattered cases, however, would hardly have sufficed to set up a distinct legal precedent. What doubtless weighed most with the Constitutional Convention of 1787 was not precedent at all, but the absolute necessity of the situation and the impracticability of any other plan. Under the Articles of Confederation the Congress was impotent because there was no means of bringing its will to bear on any individual citizen. The legislation of the separate States might, and not infrequently did, directly nullify acts of Congress or treaties of

* AN ESSAY ON JUDICIAL POWER AND UNCONSTITUTIONAL LEGISLATION. By Brinton Coxe, of the Philadelphia Bar. Philadelphia: Kay & Brothers.

the United States. This must be remedied or the Union was doomed. Two ways were suggested. One was for a Federal veto on State legislation; the other relegated the matter to the courts, and merely provided that the organic law of the nation should be the supreme law of the land. The first was preventive; the second was remedial. The latter was adopted, doubtless as being less objectionable in the view of those who would be opposed to great centralization. And no other way of dealing with the difficulty than these two can easily be imagined. So the action of the Convention is easily accounted for.

The power in question is by no means inherent in a written constitution. Switzerland has such a constitution, in large part formed after the pattern of our own. But by that instrument the Swiss judiciary is expressly forbidden to pass on the constitutionality of statutes. Nearly every nation on the European continent has now a written constitution. But in none is the judicial power allowed to extend to constitutional questions. The reasons for this jealousy of the courts are partly historical; the judges have always been in a more or less dependent position. At the same time the European conception of the nature of government is radically different from that which prevails here. We regard court, executive, and legislature, as alike merely the agents of sovereignty, and each as strictly limited by specifically delegated powers. The European view is substantially that of England—and that is, the omnipotence of the legislature. Such variations in detail as exist may tend to the independence of the executive, as is the case in the German Empire. But the historic causes which have left the monarch strong have not acted to add power to the courts. They still hold a subordinate place.

The whole question has a new interest to the American student of political science in the light of the extraordinary position of the Supreme Court in the memorable case of Juilliard *vs.* Greenman. That ground is substantially this: that Congress has all the powers which the national legislatures of foreign sovereign and civilized governments have and use, as incidental to powers identical with the express powers given to our Congress—provided only that such powers are not prohibited to Congress by the constitution.

It is difficult to see how this doctrine does not come very near to confounding the radical difference between the European and American views of government. It certainly stops little short of vesting in Congress the English parliamentary omnipotence. And if, as Mr. Coxe suggests, Congress were to enact that the Supreme Court should under no circumstances declare a Federal statute unconstitutional, so long as the decision in Juilliard *vs.* Greenman remains law the court would certainly be bound to accept such supposed enactment as valid. And that at one blow would destroy the coördinate independence of the judiciary. Is not the decision in Juilliard *vs.* Greenman, then, in effect a grave menace to the very power of the court which we have come to regard as one of the strongest bulwarks of constitutional freedom?

In the light of these considerations, the question of judicial power as related to unconstitutional laws is worthy of careful and renewed attention. It lies at the very heart of the vital distinction which we have been accustomed to make between the State and the government of the State.

HARRY PRATT JUDSON.

RECENT POETRY.*

Mr. Lang's recent "rally of fugitive rhymes" consists mostly of trifles, but trifles of the exquisite sort that he almost alone knows how to throw off. Of the small number of wholly serious poems included, the place of honor must be given — as indeed it is in the volume — to "A Scot to Jeanne d'Arc." Happily, it is not too long to quote.

> "Dark Lily without blame,
> Not upon us the shame,
> Whose sires were to the Auld Alliance true,
> They, by the Maiden's side,
> Victorious fought and died,
> One stood by thee that fiery torment through,
> Till the White Dove from thy pure lips had passed,
> And thou wert with thine own St. Catherine at the last.

* BAN AND ARRIÈRE BAN. A Rally of Fugitive Rhymes. By Andrew Lang. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

ENGLISH POEMS. By Richard LeGallienne. Boston: Copeland & Day.

CUCKOO SONGS. By Katharine Tynan Hinkson. Boston: Copeland & Day.

THE KESTREL'S NEST, AND OTHER VERSES. By Alfred Cochrane. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

POEMS. By Langdon Elwyn Mitchell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

LYRICS AND SONNETS. By Harry B. Smith. Chicago: The Dial Press.

A LOVER'S DIARY. Songs in Sequence. By Gilbert Parker. Chicago: Stone & Kimball.

THE QUEST OF HERACLES, AND OTHER POEMS. By Hugh McCulloch, Junior. Chicago: Stone & Kimball.

WHEN HEARTS ARE TRUMPS. By Tom Hall. Chicago: Stone & Kimball.

"Once only didst thou see
In artists' imagery,
Thine own face painted, and that precious thing
Was in an Archer's hand
From the leal Northern land.
Alas, what price would not thy people bring
To win that portrait of the ruinous
Gulf of devouring years that hide the Maid from us!

"Born of a lowly line,
Noteless as once was thine,
One of that name I would were kin to me,
Who, in the Scottish Guard,
Won this for his reward,
To fight for France, and memory of thee
Not upon us, dark Lily, without blame,
Not on the North may fall the shadow of that shame.

"On France and England both
The shame of broken troth,
Of coward hate and treason black must be;
If England slew thee, France
Sent not one word, one lance,
One coin to rescue or to ransom thee.
And still thy Church unto the Maid denies
The halo and the palms, the Beatific prize.

"But yet thy people calls
Within the rescued walls
Of Orleans; and makes its prayer to thee;
What though the Church have chidden
These orisons forbidden.
Yet art thou with this earth's immortal Three,
With him in Athens that of hemlock died,
And with thy Master dear whom the world crucified."

It seems, according to Mr. Lang's notes, that Jeanne d'Arc led a Scottish force at Lagny, that she herself declared her portrait to have been made by a Scottish archer, and that two Langs (or Lains) were in the French service about 1507. All of which afford excellent reasons, if any were needed, why a *fin de dix-neuvième siècle* Scot should have paid this beautiful tribute to the Maid of Orleans. Before turning to Mr. Lang's lighter verse, we must find room for this characteristic *erratum* concerning the sonnet "Britannia":

"Reader, a blot hath escaped the watchfulness of the setter-forth: if thou wilt thou mayst amend it. The sonnet on the forty-fourth page, against all right Italianate laws, hath but thirteen lines withal: add another to thy liking, if thou art a Maker; or, if thou art none, even be content with what is set before thee. If it be scant measure, be sure it is choicely good."

But how could a man who *is* a Maker let such a thing escape him? The sonnet called "Gallia," at least, is correct in scheme, and is worth reproducing because of the abbreviated verse so rarely employed by English sonneteers.

"Lady, lady neat
Of the roguish eye,
Wherefore dost thou hie,
Stealthy, down the street,
On well-booted feet?
From French novels I
Gather that you fly
Guy or Jules to meet.

"Furtive dost thou range
Oft thy cab to change;
So; at least, 't is said:
Oh, the sad old tale
Passionately stale,
We 've so often read!"

This is something of a *tour de force*, although less so than the Frenchman's sonnet-epitaph for a young girl:

"Fort
Belle,
Elle
Dort.
Sort
Frêle,
Quelle
Mort!

"Rose
Close,
La
Brise
L'a
Prise."

In "The Restoration of Romance" and "The Tourney of the Heroes" we have two poems in celebration of the Haggard-Stevenson-Doyle-Weyman school of fiction. Mr. Lang, as he has often let us know before, does not like novels that lead to soul-searching, and Mrs. Humphry Ward is his *bête noire*. The second of these poems is a spirited ballad in which Ivanhoe, Hereward, Götz, Porthos, and others, do battle with a motley crowd of such moderns as Felix Holt and Silas Lapham and David Grieve. The fight is soon narrowed down, until,

"At length but two are left on ground, and David Grieve is one.
Ma foy, what deeds of derring-do that bookseller hath done!
The other, mark the giant frame, the great portentous fist!
'T is Porthos! David Grieve may call on Kuenen an he list."

But why *should* David call on Kuenen? That might have been Robert Elsmere's refuge, but Friar Tuck settled *him* before he had time to call upon any sort of patron saint. It is needless to say that Porthos remains in possession of the field. There are a number of personal tributes in Mr. Lang's volume, and from that written "For Mark Twain's Jubilee" we make one inimitable extract.

"How many and many a weary day,
When sad enough were we, 'Mark's way'
(Unlike the Laureate's Mark's)
Has made us laugh until we cried,
And, sinking back exhausted, sighed,
Like Gargery, *Wot larx!*"

One looks askance at a group of poems described as "written under the influence of Wordsworth," but the following example will show that it is only Mr. Lang's f-f-fun:

"Mist, though I love thee not, who puttest down
Trout in the Lochs (they feed not, as a rule,
At least on fly, in mere or river-pool
When fogs have fallen, and the air is lown,
And on each Ben, a pillow not a crown,
The fat folds rest), thou, Mist, hast power to cool
The blatant declamations of the fool
Who raves reciting through the heather brown.

"Much do I bar the matron, man, or lass
Who cries 'How lovely!' and who does not spare,
When light and shadow on the mountain pass,—
Shadow and light, and gleams exceeding fair,
O'er rock, and glade, and glen,—to shout, the Ass,
To me, to me the Poet, 'Oh, look there!'"

But we must leave something for readers of the

book itself, and will close with a few lines inscribed to

"The Unknown Correspondent, who,
With undefatigable pen,
And nothing in the world to do,
Perplexes literary men,"

and to whom is addressed this solemn adjuration:

"O friends with time upon your hands,
O friends with postage stamps in plenty,
O poets out of many lands,
O youths and maidens under twenty,
Seek out some other wretch to bore,
Or wreak yourselves upon your neighbours,
And leave me to my dusty lore,
And my unprofitable labours!"

Mr. Richard LeGallienne's volume of "English Poems" opens with some lines "to the reader," from which we make this quotation:

"O shall we hear an English song again!
Still English larks mount in the merry morn,
And English May still brings an English thorn,
Still English daisies up and down the grass,
Still English love for English lad and lass—
Yet youngsters blush to sing an English song!"

We should not call attention to these verses if they were not obviously intended to provide the collection with a keynote, and if the poems that follow seemed to bear out the suggested claim. But the quality of Mr. LeGallienne's work seems to us anything but distinctively English. If it reminds us of one poet more than of another, Rossetti is the man; and we can never think of Rossetti as other than an exotic in the English garden of song. The following lines on "The House of Venus" will illustrate our meaning:

"Not that Queen Venus of adulterous fame,
Whose love was lust's insatiable flame—
Not hers the house I would be singer in
Whose loose-lipped servants seek a weary sin:
But mine the Venus of that morning flood
With all the dawn's young passion in her blood,
With great blue eyes and unpressed bosom sweet.
Her would I sing and of the shy retreat
Where Love first kissed her wondering maidenhood,
And He and She first stood, with eyes afraid,
In the most golden house that God has made."

This is charming verse, but its inspiration is not exactly English. The first half of Mr. LeGallienne's book is given up to "Paolo and Francesca," a poem in Spenserian stanza; "Love Platonic," a group of poems having the common motive suggested by their title; and "Cor Cordium," another group similarly linked together. These three divisions of the book are apparently intended (we quote from a recent English critic) "to contrast three phases of sexual affection: passion overleaping social law, passion restrained by social law, and passion sanctioned by social law." The idea is a good one, and the parts of the trilogy are well contrasted. Our own selection shall be taken, not from these groups, but from the miscellaneous portion of the book, and is entitled "Sunset in the City."

"Above the town a monstrous wheel is turning,
With glowing spokes of red,
Low in the west its fiery axle burning;
And, lost amid the spaces overhead,
A vague white moth, the moon, is fluttering.

"Above the town an azure sea is flowing,
'Mid long peninsulas of shining sand,
From opal unto pearl the moon is growing,
Dropped like a shell upon the changing strand.

"Within the town the streets grow strange and haunted,
And, dark against the western lakes of green,
The buildings change to temples, and unwonted
Shadows and sounds creep in where day has been.

"Within the town, the lamps of sin are flaring,
Poor foolish men that know not what ye are!
Tired traffic still upon his feet is faring—
Two lovers meet and kiss and watch a star."

Mr. LeGallienne's work is very uneven, but is promising at its best. He is still a minor poet, but is possibly in the chrysalis stage of development into something better.

Mrs. Hinkson's "Cuckoo Songs" are mostly simple lyrics and ballads, versified Irish legends, and mediæval aspects of religious emotion.

"A small monotonous song I sing,
My notes are faint and few,
Like his whose coming wakes the Spring,
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"

"The Resurrection: a Miracle Play," is the most pretentious and perhaps the best of these pieces. "God's Bird" is a pretty conceit, and may be taken for our illustration.

"Nay, not Thine eagle, Lord,—
No golden eagle I,
That creep half-fainting on the sward,
And have not wings to fly.

"Nor yet Thy swallow dear,
That, faring home to Thee,
Looks on the storm and hath no fear,
And broods above the sea.

"Nor yet Thy tender dove,
Meek as Thyself, Thou Lamb!
I would I were the dove, Thy love,
And not that thing I am!

"But take me in Thy hand,
To be Thy sparrow, then;
Were two sparrows in Holy Land,
One farthing bought the twain.

"Make me Thy sparrow, then,
That trembles in Thy hold;
And who shall pluck me out again,
And cast me in the cold?

"But if I fall at last,
A thing of little price,
If Thou one thought on me hast cast,
Lo, then my Paradise!"

A defective sense of rhythm is manifest in most of these "Cuckoo Songs," marring what would often otherwise have been an effective bit of lyric.

In the season which is, at least theoretically, one of rest, relaxation, and recuperation, one might do worse than heed the voice of the summer philosopher who persuades us to join him in his rustic retreat with such arguments as these:

"Here the sleek shorthorns in the shade
Crop clover by the gate,
Without (thank heav'n) a dairymaid
Who, tossed by savage Fate,
Comes our weak intellect to vex,
Like D'Urbervilian Tess,
With sombre riddles of the sex,
Far too abstruse to guess.

"When the spruce chaffinch twitters clear,
Amid the apple bloom,
No social problems bore my ear,
No prophecies of gloom;
And when the sparrows in the eaves
Salute the morning haze,
I catch among the ivy leaves
No word of Ibsen's plays."

These stanzas are extracted from "The Kestrel's Nest, and Other Verses," by Mr. Alfred Cochrane, a volume of *vers de société* which we do not hesitate to place among the best of its class—with the work of Mr. Dobson, Mr. Locker, and Mr. Lang. Which position we proceed to defend by these lines from "Omnia Vincit":

"Love, I said in my wisdom, Love is dead,
For all his fabled triumphs—and instead
We find a calm affectionate respect
Doled forth by Intellect to Intellect.

"Yet when Love, taking vengeance, smote me sore,
My Siren called me from no classic shore;
It was no Girton trumpet that laid low
The walls of this Platonic Jericho.

"For when my peace of mind at length was stole,
I thought no whit of Intellect or Soul;
Nay! I was cast in pitiful distress
By brown eyes wide with truth and tenderness."

Another example may be taken from the stanzas "To Anthea," which illustrate a form of self-abasement not uncommon among lovers.

"My taste in Art she hailed with groans,
And I, once charmed with bolder tones,
Now love the yellows of Burne-Jones:
But then, She likes them.
My tuneful soul no longer hoards
Stray jewels from the Empire boards;
I revel now in Dvorak's chords:
But then, She strikes them.

"Our age distinctly cramps a knight;
Yet, though debarred from tilt and fight,
I can admit that black is white,
If she asserts it.
Heroes of old were luckier men
Than I—I venture now and then
To hint—retracting meekly when
She controverts it."

What could be more delicious in its humor than "The Ballade of Classical Music"—

"What time the string quintette is long,
And concert chairs grow hard, may be,
While strange-named fiddlers, going strong,
Have not yet finished 'Movement 3,'

"Think not our saddened air *ennui*,
Others have this dejection had;
We do but with the poet agree,
And still sweet music makes us sad"—

with its "Envoy"—

"Be merciful, fair devotee,
The *Leit motiv*, which makes you glad,
Sometimes the novice fails to see,
And still sweet music makes us sad."

One complete poem—"Upon Lesbia, Arguing"—must end our extracts.

"My Lesbia, I will not deny,
Bewitches me completely;
She has the usual beaming eye,
And smiles upon me sweetly:
But she has an unseemly way
Of contradicting what I say.

"And, though I am her closest friend,
And find her fascinating,
I cannot cordially commend
Her method of debating:
Her logic, though she is divine,
Is singularly feminine.

"Her reasoning is full of tricks,
And butterfly suggestions;
I know no point to which she sticks,
She begs the simplest questions;
And, when her premises are strong,
She always draws her inference wrong.

"Broad, liberal views on men and things
She will not hear a word of;
To prove herself correct she brings
Some instance she has heard of;
The argument *ad hominem*
Appears her favorite stratagem.

"Old Socrates, with sage replies
To questions put to suit him,
Would not, I think, have looked so wise
With Lesbia to confute him;
He would more probably have bade
Xantippe hasten to his aid.

"Ah! well, my fair philosopher,
With clear brown eyes that glisten
So sweetly, that I much prefer
To look at them than listen,
Preach me your sermon: have your way,
The voice is yours, whate'er you say."

We commend this masterly study to those interested in the comparative psychology of the sexes.

The "Poems" of Mr. Langdon Elwyn Mitchell are grave, thoughtful, and refined. While never rising to great altitudes, they exhibit mastery of material, and the restraint of one who recognizes his limitations. They have, for the most part, a healthy objectivity that removes them as far as possible from the mere *Hirngespinnst* of most amateur writers of verse. Mr. Mitchell can paint a quiet picture or give expression to a passing mood with much command of subtle verbal effect. For a picture, let us take these lines:

"There is an old town by the sea,
That lies alone and quietly.
Behind, the sand-dunes bleak and gray
Stretch to the low hills away;
Before, the ripple laps and calls,
Running along the weedy walls;
Like crescents pale, on either side
The silver sands receive the tide;
And from the winding streets you see
The great green waters of the sea."

And for a mood, these verses, that follow upon the highly poetical description of an autumn day:

"And my deep heart within,
Like a calm lake, reflects the golden scene,
Distinct in all its glory, e'en to where
The distant hills loom up in the warm air,
Melting in silvery haze.

"How sweet, how good
It is to be reborn into this mood
Of natural ending: to be satisfied
With the world's age, and ebb of its great tide.
Too often do we fall from such content;

Estranged from our own nature, wryed and bent,
As saplings in the forest by the snow,
Heavily fallen, and which never grow
Erect again; — Life falls on us e'en so!
And, wrenched at heart too rudely, we become
Like those whose spirits, fading on the gloom
And bitterness of things, see naught to please
Where others find a blessedness or ease;
Whom nothing satisfies: nor love, nor mirth;
Not clouds, and not the sun's bright looking forth;
Not Life! — forever sliding into change;
Not Death! — for death 's unnatural and strange.
Not with the stillness, and not with the stream,
Are such content: — they feed upon a Dream,
And waking from it hunger ceaselessly;
Their heaven a desire, eternity
Of vain desire."

The list of poets that, by virtue of birth or long residence, may be claimed by Chicago is not a lengthy one, but it at least claims respectful consideration. It includes the names of B. F. Taylor and H. N. Powers, of Mr. Block, Mr. Horton, Mr. Field, and Mr. McGaffey, of Miss Harriet Monroe, Miss Amanda Jones, and Miss Blanche Fearing. To this list the name of Mr. Harry B. Smith must now be added, and his privately-printed collection of "Lyrics and Sonnets" takes a high place among the works of his fellow-singers. The first impression made by this volume is of unusual range. The serious tone is dominant—so much so that it would seem to preclude exercises in lighter vein—yet when we near the end of the collection we come upon some *vers de société* and a group of semi-humorous songs of a bibliophile. Perhaps the best of these "bookish ballads" is the "Editio Princeps," of which one stanza may be given.

"The contents of this work are found
In new editions lately dated,
Uncut, gilt tops, good type, well bound,
And admirably illustrated.
But connoisseurs give these no heed;
To own such things they 've no ambition;
For though they 're good enough to *read*,
They are not like a first edition."

We must find room, also, before turning to Mr. Smith's more thoughtful verse, for one of the stanzas addressed "To My Old Pipe (if I had one)."

"Old pipe, 't is true thou hast seen better days,
Thou 'rt shabby and much worn;
Thou art malodorous. My lady says
Thou art not to be borne.
And yet 't is true that thou hast served me well
Despite thy gruesome mien.
No one, save I, thy master, e'er can tell
How faithful thou hast been.
(*One little thing this sentiment debars —*
I only smoke cigars.)"

The author, when serious, is very serious indeed, often falling into a vein of religious sentiment that recalls the accent of Clough. That poet might easily have penned the following quatrain:

"'T was Doubt that solved the riddles of the past,
Slew Error's faiths, red-handed and uncouth.
This will perfect the souls of men at last:
Men must be doubters ere they see the truth."

The note is still graver in such a poem as "The Fortunate Ones":

"Are not the dead God's favorites after all?
Is death the goal? At least they are at rest
Whom the great mother lulls upon her breast
To sleep in silence. Not for them the brawl
And tumult that are life's when life is best;
For where is living one, however blest,
Into whose chalice bitter drops ne'er fall?
If the sad echo of an anguished cry
That ever haunts the minds that darkly grope
Speaks truth, — if man clings to a shadowy hope,
His Maker's likeness only born to die, —
Still are the dead God's favorites, mocked no more
By a poor faith we cling to and adore
Like helpless slaves of chance. At rest they lie."

Among Mr. Smith's sonnets, the most noteworthy are the group upon Egyptian themes and the "Shakespeare." The latter has already done duty as a preface to the author's comedy of the player-poet, and we reproduce it here as an example of his best work.

"O soul of mine, thou farest in strange ways
On thy mind-journey; meadows sunlit bright
Thou traversest where variant flowers delight
And lure aside; in grey mysterious haze
Thou wand'rest phantom-led thro' many a maze;
Thou bravest rivers rolling with swift might,
Lingerest on little hills of graceful height;
In stately woods thou dreamest happy days,
Until a lonely mountain-top is won,
Font of the streams and mother of the vales,
Whose verdant slope all Elfland plays upon,
On whose fair brow Truth's star faints not nor pales,
Whence in the noontide eagles seek the sun,
Where in the moonlight sob the nightingales."

The sestet of this sonnet, while not absolutely faultless, is deserving of very high praise.

"A Lover's Diary" is a sequence of over a hundred sonnets, recording the various modulations of the lover's mood. Such a work naturally challenges comparison with "The House of Life" and "Sonnets from the Portuguese," and these works have but to be named to make it clear how far Mr. Parker has fallen short from such achievement as they denote. In spite of the true and tender sentiment that runs like a golden thread through the fabric of his weaving, and in spite of the happy phrases and exquisite single verses that occasionally reward the reader, the general level of this series of poems is hardly above the commonplace. In this case, as in so many others, facility seems to have been the successful foe of that concentration of feeling demanded by the sonnet form. We quote one of the best of the pieces:

"It is enough that in this burdened time
The soul sees all its purposes aright.
The rest — what does it matter? Soon the night
Will come to whelm us, then the morning chime.
What does it matter, if but in the way
One hand clasps ours, one heart believes us true;
One understands the work we try to do,
And strives through Love to teach us what to say?
Between me and the chilly outer air
Which blows in from the world, there standeth one
Who draws Love's curtains closely everywhere,
As God folds down the banners of the sun.
Warm is the place about me, and above
Where was the raven, I behold the dove."

We have called these poems sonnets, although they depart (as the above example shows) from the or-

thodox form. But as long as Shakespeare's sonnets go by that name, there will be warrant for the liberty we have taken.

Mr. McCulloch's "The Quest of Heracles, and Other Poems," includes classical idyls, sonnets, and a few miscellaneous pieces. The rhymed couplet and the *terza rima* are the forms chiefly favored in the longer poems, and are used with graceful precision, although hardly with display of poetic energy. The following sonnet is a fair sample of this writer's work:

"Fain would I journey from these barren lands
Where I was born, unto the magic isles
Of tropic seas, where Winter kindlier smiles
Than doth the Summer of our northern strands.
And I would wander on the golden sands
Of tropic rivers, reaching miles on miles
Thro' orchid-bowers, where the sun beguiles
Our hearts with scattered gifts from lavish hands.
Then Homer to the Old World carries me
In hollow ships across the crested main;
And Chaucer shows each April-haunted lane
Of England. Spenser gives enchanted sea,
His summer woods, and purple pageantry,
While Dante guides me through the world of pain."

"When Hearts Are Trumps" is a collection of trifles, by turn sentimental and jocose. They are lamentably lacking in finish, and not always in good taste.

"Why was it always my fate to endure?"

will not do for the closing verse of a sonnet, and

"She 's accustomed to sitting on rocks in the glen;
She is also accustomed to sitting on men,"

will not do for the closing couplet of any kind of a jingle that is expected to be taken seriously. We are not sure that "When You Are Rejected" will do, either; but we leave that question for our readers to decide.

"Do n't say,
'Good day,'
Then grab the door and slam it.
Be quite
Polite:
Go out, and then say, '—— it!'"

The neatest thing we have found in the volume is "A Drop Too Much":

"I praised her hair, I praised her lips,
She looked up with surprise;
I bowed to kiss her finger-tips,
And then she dropped her eyes.

"I said love ruled the world, that I
Adored her; called her 'Nan.'
She merely looked a little shy,
And then she dropped her fan.

"I took the hint, and at her feet
I knelt — yes, quite absurd;
But oh, my fond heart wildly beat
To hear her drop a word.

"I told her all: my talents few,
My direful lack of pelf.
(We all have erred.) She said 'Ahem,'
And then dropped me myself."

A word of praise should be given to the dainty dress given by the publishers to this and the two preceding volumes.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

A favorite book about Venice.

Amid the multitude of books about Venice, "Life on the Lagoons," by Mr. Horatio F. Brown, well deserves the new and fuller edition just given it by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. It represents minute investigation and a well-nigh complete acquaintance with the history and customs of that city of many vicissitudes. Every fact is verified by painstaking research, in museum and library, from architect and gondolier. Here is no mere "afterglow" of European travel, but all that long residence and daily familiarity with picturesque scenes can give to the scholar. The author's faults are all on the side of diffuseness and breadth. We feel that with a threefold point of view — the historical, the archæological, and the artistic — he is wittingly attempting the work of a Lanciani, a Symonds, and a Howells or Hopkinson Smith, all in one volume. We are even slightly annoyed to find so able and conscientious a writer going so widely afield. While he nobly proves his own versatility, he leaves the reader uncertain as to his real object. The title, "Life on the Lagoons," is itself misleading. One recalls, at so poetic a title, the roseate hues and warmth of the "pink" city, and scarcely forgives the writer for the matter-of-fact and prosaic method of treatment apparent in the opening chapters especially. The two points open to criticism are alike due to the book's comprehensiveness. It is scarcely to be expected that a couple of dozen topics, ranging from banks and *ferros* to *villottes*, should be woven together into a consistent whole. And if such a collection of odd sketches is necessarily fragmentary, it is likely also to be deficient in that indefinable and peculiarly Venetian quality, atmosphere. The first paper — we will not say chapter, the sketches are so evidently written with no aim at continuity — is a precise condensation of all Venetian history, which the author "trusts may prove useful" to visitors. The papers following, "The Gondola," "The Traghetti," "A Gondolier's Bank," "Sails and Sail-making," reveal an almost technical accuracy, and from the very novelty of their separate treatment are interesting as well as "useful." Perhaps the nearest approach to color is in the pages descriptive of All Souls' Day and popular superstitions. Information, pressed down and running over, is occasionally enlivened by a gleam of quaint humor; as when the author drolly says, "Dreams are so important in the conduct of life, and it is so dangerous to lose one, that this belief may in part account for the universal custom of sleeping with the outer shutters closed." The illustrations of the book are either too few or too many, according as it is viewed as a descriptive sketch-book or a collection of information. In the latter case, they do not illustrate as well as the diagrams, though it would doubtless be considered a manifest absurdity to print a book about Venice, however learned or scholarly, without pictures of a gondola, San Giorgio, and the bathers at Lido.

West Irish Folk-Tales.

The two earlier volumes of "The Camden Library" (Elliot Stock, London) dealt with the Antiquities and Curiosities of the Exchequer, and the Sculptured Signs of London. The third number contains a very good collection of "West Irish Folk-Tales," by William Larminie. The field of Irish folk-lore is but little worked, and a large part of the work already done lacks definiteness and scientific value. Mr. Larminie's work appears to be accurate and painstaking. His stories at times approach those of Germany, at other times those of the Highland Scotch. He believes that they show influence of two or more ethnic streams — presenting a curious mixture of the domesticity of the Teutonic and the wildness of the Gaelic races. This peculiarly wild character — emotional, variable, explosive,—is shown repeatedly in the stories. Very conspicuous in the style is that remarkable involution where subordinate and subsubordinate matter is introduced into the narrative until one is almost in despair of ever again finding the "thread of the story." Certain set passages recur in story after story, and certain stock incidents appear again and again. Thus, "she smothered him with kisses and drowned him with tears: she dried him with the finest cloths and with silk," is a favorite passage. These "runs" are frequently in mysterious language, incomprehensible now and perhaps always meaningless. Besides comparisons pointed out by the author, others might be mentioned. Thus, the incident of the hunter who kills a raven, whose red blood staining the white snow leads him to vow that he will never marry a woman "whose head was not as black as the bird's wing, and her skin as white as the snow and her cheeks as red as the blood," recurs in American Indian folk-lore. The decision of the girl-wife as to whether a foal belongs to the mare or the horse suggests that in Chatelain's Angola Tale of "The Lawsuit of Leopard and Antelope." Mr. Larminie urges the importance of writing down folk-lore in the Gaelic language, and gives specimens in Gaelic phonetically spelt.

A new volume of Essays by Mr. Ruskin.

The new volume by Mr. Ruskin, entitled "Verona and Other Lectures," is published in this country by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. In order to secure copyright under the American law, the type has been reset; and we mention this fact mainly for the purpose of calling attention to the remarkable way in which the mechanical features of Mr. Ruskin's own editions have been imitated. Typography, paper, and binding all follow so closely the books issuing from Mr. George Allen's establishment that one has to look twice before realizing that he has to do with an American imitation. As long as the objectionable clause of our copyright law remains, we shall have to put up with imitations; and thanks are due to any publisher who will copy so well a good English edition. The difference between a good copy and a poor one is well illustrated by a comparison of this volume with the volumes in which Professor Huxley's "Collected Essays" are now issuing from the American press. The contents of this volume (which Mr. Collingwood edits) are five lectures dating from 1870 to 1885. The first and most generally interesting is a talk about "Verona and Its Rivers." It touches not only upon the history and art of the beautiful city of the Adige, but also upon the importance of properly controlling the rivers of Italy, in avoidance of the havoc wrought by freshets and for increase of the fruitfulness of the soil. Of the other lectures, one is a sort of supplement to "Aratra Pentelici," and two were intended for a new volume of "Our Fathers Have Told Us." The editor explains just how these latter two were to fit into the scheme of the work as originally planned. The remaining lecture, "The Story of Arachne," is a brief address to students at Woolwich, made in 1870. If we are to have an extract, it may as well come from this lecture, and the closing passage is now not without a certain timeliness. "I have some workmen myself, and have had, for many years, under me. Heaven knows I am not independent of them; and I do not think they either are, or wish to be, independent of me. We depend heartily, and always, — they upon my word, and upon my desire for their welfare; — I, upon their work, and their pride in doing it well, and, I think, also, their desire to do it well for me. Believe me, my friends, there is no such thing as independence till we die. In the grave we shall be independent to purpose,—not till then. While we live, the defence and prosperity of our country depends less even on hearts of oak than on hearts of flesh; on the patience which seeks improvement with hope but not with haste; on the science which discerns what is lovely in character and honorable in act; and on the Fine Art and tact of happy submission to the guidance of good men, and the laws of nature, and of heaven."

Lights and shadows of a Celtic Twilight.

Mr. J. B. Yeats's "A Celtic Twilight" (Macmillan) is a pretty book of some two hundred pages, containing twenty brief tales and sketches written mostly for "The National Observer." Most of the stories were told Mr. Yeats by one Paddy Flynn, a "little bright-eyed old man who lived in a leaky and one-roomed cabin in the village of Ballisadore" — the most "gentle," that is the most *faery*, place in County Sligo. So full was Paddy's head of the lore of dhouls and fairies, water-horses, kelpies, house-ghosts, and the like local hobgoblins, that he was more than suspected of being a little uncanny himself. It was whispered about that he had "strange sights to keep him cheerful or to make him sad"; and he owned that he had once seen the banshee — "down there," as he said, "by the water, batting the river with its hands." That Paddy's vision on this occasion was artificially quickened seems probable. Like many of the "finest pisanthry in the world," he had a liking for potheen; and, indeed,

his death was brought about by the gift of a large bottle of it. The sight of so much liquor, says the author quaintly, "filled him with a great enthusiasm, and he lived upon it for some days, and then died." Death kindly closed his eyes to the fact when the potheen was nearly exhausted. Mr. Yeats filled his note-book with Paddy's tales and sayings, and reproduces them with good effect in the present volume. Besides the folk-lore, there are some amusing character sketches — notably "The Last Gleeman," being the account of one Michael Moran, a blind beggar and ballad-singer, and the admitted rector of his class in Dublin. "He was not much to look at, with his coarse frieze coat with its cape and scalloped edge, his old corduroy trousers and great brogues, and his stout stick made fast to his wrist by a thong of leather; and he would have been a woeful shock to the gleeman Maclonglinne could that friend of kings have beheld him in prophetic vision from the pillar stone at Cork." Yet Michael was a true gleeman, being poet, jester, and newsman of the people. In the morning his wife or a neighbor would read the newspaper to him until interrupted with, "That'll do—I have me meditations"; and he would sally forth duly inspired for the day's store of jest and rhyme. We subjoin a specimen of his lighter improvisation:

"In Egypt's land contagious to the Nile,
King Pharaoh's daughter went to bathe in style.
She tuk her dip, then walked unto the land;
To dry her royal pelt she ran along the strand.
A bulrush tripped her, whereupon she saw
A smiling babby in a wad o' straw.
She tuk it up, and said, with accents mild,
'Taro-an'-agers, girls, which av yez owns the child?'"

The book is fresh and amusing, and it is beautifully made and printed.

The historian of the Council of Trent.

The Rev. Alexander Robertson's Life of Fra Paolo Sarpi, the heroic and learned Venetian friar (1552–1623), is interesting and timely. The long-decreed monument to Fra Paolo has recently been unveiled in Venice, and his body, after two centuries of concealment, has found an honored resting-place in the church of the *Campo Santo* on the island of San Michele. There are many tributes from eminent pens to the worth and learning of Fra Paolo. Gibbon calls him "the incomparable historian of the Council of Trent," and Galileo owned him "My father and my master." As a metaphysician, says Macaulay, "he anticipated Locke"; and, he adds, "what he did, he did better than anybody." In Walton's "Life of Sanderson" we find the Bishop quoted as lamenting a lost opportunity of seeing "one of the late miracles of general learning, prudence, and modesty, Sir Henry Wotton's dear friend Padre Paolo . . . a man whose fame must never die till virtue and learning shall become so useless as not to be regarded." Dr. Robertson's Life of Fra Paola Sarpi (published by Thomas Whittaker) is compact and readable, and it contains portraits and a fac-simile of a letter of Fra Paolo's.

Life and works of Richard Steele.

A new volume of the "Mermaid" series (imported by Scribner) is devoted to Richard Steele, and edited by Mr. G. A. Aitken, of all persons the most competent for such a task. In this case we have, not the "best plays," but all the plays of our author—that is, the four comedies, and the fragments of two others, first printed by Nichols in 1809. We have also a surprise in the shape of two plates instead of the one that has been the rule in this series, Colley Cibber being the subject of the second. Mr. Aitken's introduction is lengthy, and is here and there indebted to his exhaustive biography for such phrases and sentences as were found convenient for use.

Value and growth of the British Empire.

In "The Empire, Its Value and Growth" (Longmans), an inaugural address delivered last year at the Imperial Institute, Mr. W. E. H. Lecky briefly discusses the vexed question of the utility to England of her dependencies. The issue is clearly presented, and the broader reasons *pro* and *con* are fairly stated. Mr. Lecky is plainly no friend to the plan of gradually paring down British domain to the sweet simplicity of two islands; and he combats the views of Cobden and Mill and the Manchester School generally with his usual force. The little book may be read through at a sitting, and it will repay the reading.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Two recent classical texts are a revised edition (Ginn) of Professors Goodwin and White's "Anabasis" (the first four books), and Cicero's "Laelius," edited by Mr. E. S. Shuckburgh, and revised for American use by Mr. Henry Clark Johnson (Macmillan). Among modern language texts we have "A Preparatory German Reader" (Ginn), by Mr. C. L. Van Daell; George Sand's "La Petite Fadette" (Heath), edited by Mr. F. Aston-Binns; and the whole of Schiller's "Wallenstein" (Holt) in a very attractive volume edited by Professor W. H. Carruth. The notes, illustrations, and other apparatus of this latter text indicate careful and judicious selection from the vast amount of material upon which an editor of "Wallenstein" must draw.

We note the receipt of two excellent grammar-school text-books. Mr. G. A. Wentworth's "The First Steps in Algebra" (Ginn) is opportune at a time when it really looks as though the much-needed educational reform of the lower grades were impending. One of the first steps of that reform will be to put elementary algebra and geometry into the seventh and eighth grades, and Mr. Wentworth's book is just the sort of help that is needed. Mr. John Fiske's "The War of Independence" (Houghton) appears in the "Riverside Literature" series, and makes the best kind of supplementary reading for boys and girls struggling with United States history.

"From Milton to Tennyson" (Allyn & Bacon), by Mr. L. DuPont Syle, is a volume of selected masterpieces followed by an almost equal volume of notes. It is intended for high-school and possibly for college use. The selection of texts is good, and the notes are helpful, although an occasional exhibition of irrational pre-

judice on the part of the writer does not conduce to confidence in his judgment. Shelley, in particular, is made the subject of his spleen, and Mr. Swinburne, for stating the perfectly obvious fact that Shelley was the first of English lyrists, is promptly classed with humorists of the Hosea Bigelow type. Even innuendo is not wanting, as in the reference to Shelley's "religious (?) philosophy."

Mr. Lauren E. Crane has edited the speeches and addresses of Newton Booth of California (1825–1892), and they are now published in a handsome volume, with introduction, notes, and a portrait. Their author was Governor of California from 1871 to 1873, and afterwards represented that State in the United States Senate. His political speeches are patriotic in tone, and discuss a great variety of local and national questions. Two of his lectures are entitled "Charles James Fox," and "Morals and Politics." Some newspaper and magazine articles are also published. The book is issued by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Baron Nils Posse's "The Swedish System of Educational Gymnastics" was first published four years ago, and has now reached a third edition. For its present issue the book has been rewritten and otherwise elaborated, besides being provided with a new and formidable title, "The Special Kinesiology of Educational Gymnastics" (Lee & Shepard). The general aim of this system is to secure a harmonious and symmetrical development of the entire body. The text is very fully illustrated, and the book is thus adapted for the work of self-instruction.

Mr. A. E. Dolbear's book on "Matter, Ether, and Motion" (Lee & Shepard) has reached a second edition, and the author has taken occasion, not only to revise the original text, but to add some new chapters. As a popular exposition of fundamental physical principles, the work will do well enough, but confidence in the author's judgment is a little shaken by the way in which he toys with the vagaries of spiritualism and telepathy, and suggests that the ingenious speculations of the non-Euclidean geometers may be subject to experimental confirmation.

Mr. Samuel Harden Church's "Oliver Cromwell" (Putnam) is an octavo of more than five hundred pages. The author claims to have taken a middle course between Hume's severe treatment of the subject and Carlyle's somewhat extravagant hero-worship. He has devoted six years to the work, and has collected a large library of Cromwellian literature. "I have written my book not as a biographical sketch," he says, "but as a narrative or study which aims to present, with sufficient detail, the formation of the commonwealth and its strange paradox of the permanent establishment of civil and religious liberty through a Dictator who respected no law, in working out England's salvation, but the law of necessity; and this for a nation whose fortunes are happily and inseparably linked with the forms of popular monarchy." The work is thoughtful and painstaking, readable rather than brilliant.

Mr. Isaac Meyer is the author of a monograph on "Scarabs" (New York: E. W. Dayton), or to reproduce in full the sub-title of the work, "the history, manufacture, and religious symbolism of the Scarabæus in ancient Egypt, Phœnicia, Sardinia, Etruria, etc.: also, remarks on the learning, philosophy, arts, ethics, psychology, ideas as to the immortality of the soul, etc., of the ancient Egyptians, Phœnicians," etc. Mr. Meyer's work seems to be a very thorough and scholarly study of the subject. His remarks upon the modern forgeries of scarabs are particularly interesting, as well as profitable to the would-be amateur Egyptologist.

In "The Sacred City of the Ethiopians" (Longmans), Mr. Theodore Bent records the results of an expedition into Abyssinia undertaken last year, and extending over a period of four months. Mrs. Bent accompanied and acted as photographer for the expedition, which proved highly fruitful of archæological results. The objective point of the expedition was Aksum, the ancient capital of Ethiopia. Mr. Bent predicts that the work of investigation thus begun will eventually "place before our view a vast, powerful, and commercial empire—an empire which extended its discoveries to parts of the world which are only now being rediscovered, and possessing a commerce which supplied the ancient world with its most valued luxuries." The book is of great interest.

The booklet on "English in the Secondary Schools," mentioned in our last number, is a quasi-official publication of the University of California. It is interesting both for the practical and wholesome character of the suggestions made by Professors Gayley and Bradley, its authors, and because it illustrates a new method of bringing the university influence to bear upon the lower schools. Other departments of the University are about to follow the lead thus taken, and issue similar special monographs. The English pamphlet may be had from the Recorder of the Faculties at Berkeley.

New York Topics.

New York, July 26, 1894.

The chief event of the month in the literary world is of course the publication in the "Century Magazine" of the first instalment of the Poe-Griswold correspondence. The existence of these papers has been known to a number of people for many years, but all efforts to persuade the late Dr. George H. Moore, their custodian, to allow them to be inspected, failed utterly. It was understood that Dr. Moore, who was Griswold's literary executor, intended to publish selections from them himself, but if this were his intention, it was never fulfilled. Dr. Moore having died, Griswold's son, Mr. William M. Griswold, of Cambridge, Mass., was appointed administrator of his father's estate, and in this way was able to recover the papers. Nearly everybody who has written about Poe since Griswold's death has applied in vain to Dr. Moore for their use. The instalment in the August number of the "Century" comprises a number of Poe's own letters, and letters to him from John P. Kennedy, T. W. White, proprietor of the "Southern Literary Messenger," Nathaniel Beverly Tucker, author of "The Partisan Leader," J. K. Paulding, Charles Anthon, and James E. Heath.

The correspondence chiefly relates to the period of Poe's connection with the "Messenger." An interesting feature is the picture given of publishing conditions in New York at that time. A New York firm having declined a volume of Poe's "Messenger" tales in 1836, Paulding, who acted as his agent, was constrained to write him that "it would afford me much pleasure to have proposed the publication of your book to some one [other] respectable Bookseller of this city. But the truth is, there is only one other who publishes anything but School Books, religious works, and the like,

and with him I am not on terms that would make it agreeable to me to make any proposition of this nature, either in my own behalf or that of another." I presume the other firm referred to was that of Messrs. Wiley & Putnam. The Poe correspondence is illustrated with selected drawings by Mr. Sterner, made for the forthcoming complete edition of Poe's works to be published by Messrs. Stone & Kimball.

Another notable feature of the August "Century" is an article on "Conversation in France" by Mme. Blanc Bentzon. In the September number there will be an interesting study of "School Excursions in Germany," by Dr. J. M. Rice, author of several important studies of schools in American cities, recently published in the "Forum." Dr. Rice visited Germany for the purpose of taking part in a typical excursion which is here described. It consisted of a tour of two weeks, on foot or by rail, through the country of the Reformation, which had been the particular study of this party of school children for the preceding term. Students of pedagogy accompany these excursions and observe their effect upon the children. The thorough identification of localities is indicated by the fact that Luther's hymn was sung by them in the room in which it was written.

A new novel by "Maarten Maartens" will be printed serially in "Harper's Bazar" during the first part of 1895. The author, Mr. J. M. W. van der Poorten Schwarz, has removed his residence from "Kasteel Lunenburgh," Neerlangbrock, to the Château de Zuylestein, near Leersum, also in Holland. In a recent letter to an American friend, he expressed himself as much gratified by the tender of honorary membership in the Authors Club of New York lately made to him. He considered it "a delicate and kindly compliment" which gave him much encouragement. Mr. van der Poorten Schwarz is just thirty-five years old, and not thirty-eight, as stated in various biographical articles.

Mr. James Ford Rhodes is spending the summer at Rye Beach, N. H., busily engaged on the third volume of his "History of the United States, from the Compromise of 1850," which the Messrs. Harper now expect to publish during the coming season.

"George Mandeville's Husband," a novel just about to be published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., is decidedly reactionary in character in so far as it touches upon the woman question, and indeed it touches upon little else. Its author apparently has become disgusted with advanced views on this subject. The downtrodden husband of a "woman of mind" expresses himself in advice to their daughter as follows:

"'Never breakfast in bed, Rosina, unless you're actually ill,' he would often say; 'it's the first step on the downward path.'

"'No, father.'

"'Of course your mother is an exceptional woman. She may do things that wouldn't look well in an ordinary mortal.'

"'Yes, father.'

"'And never wear a dressing-gown out of your own room. Put on decent clothes as soon as you step out of your bath.'

"'Yes, father.'"

The author is a well-known English writer who has assumed a pseudonym.

Preparations for holiday books go on apace. Messrs. Lovell, Coryell, & Co. will issue this fall a handsome edition of "The Last Days of Pompeii" with views of the excavations, landscapes, and reproductions of famous paintings. The same firm will also publish an *edition de luxe* of Mrs. Oliphant's "Victorian Age of English Literature," with portraits of the principal writers considered. Mrs. Oliphant's articles now appearing in the "Century Magazine," which deal with "The Reign of Queen Anne," will be published as a holiday book with this title. The publishers have exerted themselves to insure a beautiful piece of bookmaking. The work in the wood engravings is not likely to be exceeded this year, if at all, as it seems as nearly perfect as possible.

ARTHUR STEDMAN.

LITERARY NOTES AND MISCELLANY.

Mr. Gladstone's translation of the Odes and "Carmen Sæculare" of Horace will be published in September or October next.

Mr. T. Wemyss Reid, editor of the "Speaker," and author of "Charlotte Brontë, a Monograph," and other good books, has been knighted by the Queen.

The last work on which the late Sir Henry Layard was engaged was the condensation of his "Early Adventures" into one volume, of which he had just finished the revision.

Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. have in press for immediate publication a complete edition of the poetical works of Sir Walter Scott, in two volumes, illustrated, with introduction by Professor Charles Eliot Norton.

The literary historian Herr Heinrich Düntzer, who celebrated last week his eighty-first birthday, has completed an exhaustive monograph on J. H. Merck, who exercised such a remarkable influence on the development of Goethe's genius.

Professor Fiske is lecturing at Oxford this summer on "Virginia and Her Neighbors," and will repeat the course before the Lowell Institute next year. Eventually, the lectures will make a new volume in the author's history of America.

In "The Bookman's" lists of books most in demand at the chief bookselling centres of the United Kingdom, Professor Drummond's "The Ascent of Man" and Mrs. Caffyn's "A Yellow Aster" run almost neck-and-neck. Out of the thirteen lists, seven are headed by the former and five by the latter work.

The Félibres are going to indulge in more elaborate *fêtes* this year. They are to begin at Lyons on the 9th of August, and to finish at the fountain of Vaucluse on the 15th of August. On Saturday, the 11th, the Comédie Française will act "Œdipe Roi," and on Sunday, the 12th, "Antigone," at the Roman theatre at Orange.

Professor Maspéro's great work on "Les Origines," treating of Egypt and Chaldæa, will appear some time in the autumn, simultaneously in Paris, London, and New York. It will consist of over eight hundred pages, copiously illustrated with drawings and maps made expressly for the work. The English translation, edited by Professor Sayce, will be published by the S. P. C. K.

It is interesting to learn that Lionardo da Vinci's "Codice Atlantico," which contains 1,750 writings and drawings by this celebrated man, is at last to be published, presumably by private subscription, in 35 parts, each containing 40 heliotype plates of reproduction, together with a double transcription of the text and notes. The entire work will be printed on special handmade paper. U. Hoepli is the publisher who has been entrusted with this great Italian work.

Italy will have a Tasso celebration April 25 of next

year, the tercentenary of the poet's death. A new life of Tasso is being written for this occasion by Professor Angelo Solerti, of Bologna. This book will embody the valuable matter contained in some 500 documents hitherto unpublished, and will be illustrated with photogravures of all the portraits of which copies can be obtained, besides other interesting memorials. Professor Solerti is also preparing a new and critical edition of the minor poems of Tasso, of which two volumes have been already published.

The Toronto "Week" has the following screed from an enraged correspondent: "Sir — Can you or any of your numerous readers inform me how it is that American daily and weekly papers are allowed to be carried and called in our streets by newsboys? It is most offensive to my ideas of the fitness of things to have the low-class papers of Detroit, Buffalo, and Chicago flouted in the streets of Toronto. It is bad enough to have our second-class booksellers' shops slopping over with the trash that proceeds from the low American daily and weekly press, without having it stuck under our noses at every corner of the street."

The "Athenæum" furnishes the following note: "That 'Hamlet' has been more variously treated and ill treated than any other Shakespearean play we all know, but it will be news to our readers that the Hamlet-Problem as the Germans call it, is shortly to figure in the courts of law. The bone of contention is the priority of a certain ingenious analysis of Hamlet's character. Herr H. Türck, a well-known Shakespearean scholar, maintains that he propounded it first, whilst Professor Kuno Fischer claims the priority of its excogitation. In consequence of this literary squabble, Herr Türck has placed the 'Hamlet-Problem' in the hands of a lawyer. It will occupy the law courts at Munich, Professor Kuno Fischer's remarks having appeared in a Bavarian paper."

The George William Curtis Memorial Committee publish the following statement: "The committee has unanimously voted to raise a fund of $25,000, to be devoted in part to the procurement and erection of an appropriate artistic monument in the city of New York, as a permanent record of the outward presence of Mr. Curtis, and in part to the foundation and endowment of an annual course of lectures upon the duties of American citizenship and kindred subjects, under the title of the 'Curtis Lectureship,' or some similar designation, the lectures delivered in such course to be annually published for distribution. The details of these two features of the memorial will be determined and announced by the committee hereafter. The committee is now ready to receive subscriptions to the fund required, which subscriptions should be addressed to Mr. William L. Trenholm, treasurer, No. 160 Broadway, New York."

WHY FICTION ALONE AS SERIALS?

Mr. Walter Besant, in a recent number of "The Author," raises an interesting question as to why matter for serial publication in periodicals should be limited to fiction, and suggests that "editors do not as yet recognize the fact that an extremely attractive serial may be made of a subject not belonging to fiction at all. For instance, many volumes of poetry are run through various magazines first. I would run them through one magazine only. 'Mr. Austin Dobson's new volume of verse will be commenced in the January number of the "New Year"; it will run through twelve months and will be published in volume form in November.' Would not such an announcement be attractive? Or this: 'Professor Dowden's new work on Shakespeare is nearly completed. It consists of twelve chapters, and is to run through twelve numbers of the "Cheapside" magazine; it will then be published in the autumn books of Messrs. Bungay.' Does anyone pretend that the comparatively wide circulation of the magazine would not assist the author in disseminating his teaching and the publisher in afterwards distributing the book?"

TO A SLEEPER AT ROME.

(For the unveiling, by Edmund Gosse, of the American memorial bust to the poet Keats in Hampstead Parish Church, July 16, 1894.)

Thy gardens bright with limbs of gods at play —
  Those bowers whose flowers are fruits, Hesperian sweets
  That light with heaven the soul of him who eats,
And lend his veins Olympian blood of day —
Were only lent, and, since thou couldst not stay,
  Better to die than wake in sorrow, Keats,
  Where even the Siren's song no longer cheats —
Where Love's long "Street of Tombs" still lengthens grey.

Better to nestle there in arms of Flora,
  Ere Youth, the king of Earth and Beauty's heir,
Drinking such breath in meadows of Aurora
  As bards of morning drank, Ægean air,
Woke in Eld's lonely caverns of Ellora,
  Carven with visions dead and sights that were!

— *Theodore Watts, in The Athenæum.*

A BALLADE OF BOOKS WELL BOUND.

From tattered volumes, old and sere,
  Some friends I have evolve delight;
The shabbiest the most prized appear
  By antiquarians erudite.
  These think me a Philistine wight
For choosing bindings of the best;
  Yet to my taste I have a right,—
I like to see my friends well drest.

I love the antique and the queer,
  The curious, quaint, and recondite;
I own the spell of Elzevir,
  The charm of pages Aldine hight;
  Yet why should age and dirt invite?
Their beauty is not manifest;
  Let modern art put them to flight,—
I like to see my friends well drest.

Eve and Le Gascon are too dear;
  I cannot have them — would I might!
But Bedford, Michel, and Riviere
  Have wrought me leathern marvels bright.
  The armor of the bravest knight
Should shine the brightest on his breast.
  No moth, no rust, my books shall blight,—
I like to see my friends well drest.

ENVOY.

  Friend, wouldst thou fain in sorry plight
Behold a loved and honored guest?
  In goodly garb I'd have him dight,—
I like to see my friends well drest.

—*From "Bookish Ballads," by Harry B. Smith.*

PROTECTION OF AUTHORS FROM GARBLED REPRINTS.

Judge Dallas, of the United States Circuit Court, sitting in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, recently made a decision of much importance to authors. It was occasioned by a garbled and incomplete report of Professor Drummond's lecture on "The Ascent of Man," published in Philadelphia. The question involved was not copyright, but the right of an English author to protection against reprints that misrepresent the character of his works. We print the significant parts of Judge

Dallas's decision: "It appears that the defendant has published, and to a considerable extent has sold, a book purporting to contain certain Lectures delivered by the plaintiff, which in fact does not present those Lectures correctly, but with additions and omissions which essentially alter the productions of the author. This is sought to be justified by the averment that the lectures in question had not been copyrighted, and that their author had dedicated them to the public.

"The subject of copyright is not directly involved. The complainant does not base his claim to relief upon the statute, but upon his right, quite distinct from any conferred by copyright, to protection against having any literary matter published as his work which is not actually his creation, and, incidentally, to prevent fraud upon purchasers. That such right exists is too well settled, upon reason and authority, to require demonstration, and, although it is equally well established that an author may, by dedication of any product of his pen to the public, irrevocably abandon his title, yet in this case the fact relied on by the defendant to support his assertion of dedication wholly fails to vindicate the publication complained of.

"The defendant's book is founded on the matter which has appeared in the 'British Weekly,' and if that matter had been literally copied, and so as not to misrepresent its character and extent, the plaintiff would be without remedy; but the fatal weakness in the defendant's position is, that, under color of editing the author's work, he has represented a part of it as the whole, and even as to the portion published has materially departed from the reports which he sets up in justification."

Topics in Leading Periodicals.

August, 1894 (First Last).

Anarchists, Punishment of. Henry Holt. *Forum.*
Birds, Nocturnal Migration of. *Popular Science.*
Church Communion Tokens. Alice M. Earle. *Atlantic.*
Carnot, Sadi. M. Henry Minaud. *Chautauquan.*
Cats, Un-cared for. Charles H. Webb. *Lippincott.*
Chinese Shops. Will Clemens. *Lippincott.*
College Graduates and Public Life. T. Roosevelt. *Atlantic.*
Consular Service, Evils of Our. A. H. Washburn. *Atlantic.*
Continental Literature, A Year of. *Dial.*
Crime, Increase, and Positivist Criminology. H. C. Lea. *Forum.*
Dutch Influence upon America. F. W. Shepardson. *Dial.*
Egypt, Ancient, The Poetry of. *Chautauquan.*
English at Amherst. J. F. Genung. *Dial.*
English Mines and Miners. S. P. Cadman. *Chautauquan.*
Feminine Phases. Thomas S. Jarvis. *Lippincott.*
Form and Life. M. Georges Pouchet. *Popular Science.*
Government Publications, Distribution of. *Pop. Science.*
Hand-Writing and Character. W. Preyer. *Chautauquan.*
Harrison, Mrs. Burton. Caroline W. Martin. *Southern Mag.*
Horsemen, Professional. H. C. Merwin. *Atlantic.*
Journalism, Chapters in. G. W. Smalley. *Harper.*
Karakoram Himalayas, In the. *Dial.*
Laboratory Mind-Study. G. S. Hall and E. W. Scripture. *Forum.*
Lowell's Letters to Poe. *Scribner.*
Monmouth. Illus. Julian Ralph. *Harper.*
Moral Training. John Dewey. *Popular Science.*
Newport. Illus. W. C. Brownell. *Scribner.*
Norway Coast, The. Illus. G. C. Pease. *Harper.*
Photography of Colors. M. Lazare Weiller. *Pop. Science.*
Poetry, Recent. William Morton Payne. *Dial.*
Preachers, Pay of. H. K. Carroll. *Forum.*
Rain-Making. Fernando Sanford. *Popular Science.*
Stonewall Jackson. Illus. W. W. Scott. *Southern Mag.*
Toadstools and Mushrooms, Edible. Illus. *Harper.*

List of New Books.

[*The following list, embracing 50 titles, includes all books received by* The Dial *since last issue.*]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Memoirs Illustrating the History of Napoleon I. from 1802 to 1815. By Baron Claude-François de Méneval; edited by his grandson, Baron Napoleon Joseph de Méneval. Vols. I. and II.; illus., 12mo, gilt tops, uncut. D. Appleton & Co. Per vol., $2.

HISTORY.

History of Modern Times: From the Fall of Constantinople to the French Revolution. By Victor Duruy; trans., with notes, etc., by Edwin A. Grosvenor. 12mo, pp. 540. Henry Holt & Co. $1.60.

Judas Maccabæus and the Jewish War of Independence. By Claude Reignier Conder, LL.D. New edition, illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 218. Macmillan & Co. $1.25.

Christianity and the Roman Government: A Study in Imperial Administration. By E. G. Hardy, M.A. 12mo, uncut, pp. 208. Longmans, Green, & Co. $1.50.

Recollections of Old Country Life: Social, Political, Sporting, and Agricultural. By J. K. Fowler ("Rusticus"), author of "Echoes of Old Country Life." Illus., 8vo, uncut, pp. 235. Longmans, Green, & Co. $3.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Cock Lane and Common-Sense. By Andrew Lang. 12mo, uncut, pp. 357. Longmans, Green, & Co. $2.25.

An English Anthology from Chaucer to Tennyson. Selected and Edited by John Bradshaw, M.A. Fourth edition; 12mo, pp. 509. Longmans, Green, & Co. $1.50.

Essays and Letters Selected from the Writings of John Ruskin; with introductory interpretations and annotations. Edited by Mrs. Lois G. Hufford. With portrait, 12mo, pp. 441. Ginn & Co. $1.10.

Grimm's Fairy Tales and Household Stories. Trans. by Mrs. H. B. Paull and L. A. Wheatley. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 623. Warne's "Chandos Classics." $1.

Scenes from the Persæ of Æschylus. By the Rev. F. S. Ramsbotham, M.A. 16mo. Longmans, Green, & Co. 50 cts.

Stories from Plato and Other Classic Writers. By Mary E. Burt, author of "Literary Landmarks." Illus., 12mo, pp. 262. Ginn & Co. 50 cts.

POETRY.

Lincoln's Grave. By Maurice Thompson. 16mo, uncut. Stone & Kimball. $1.

Quaker Idyls. By Sarah M. H. Gardner. With frontispiece, 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 223. Henry Holt & Co. 75 cts.

FICTION.

The Ebb Tide: A Trio and Quartette. By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 204. Stone & Kimball. $1.25.

Outlaw and Lawmaker. By Mrs. Campbell-Praed, author of "Christina Chard." 12mo, pp. 339. D. Appleton & Co. $1.

Major Joshua. By Francis Forster. 12mo, pp. 326. Longmans, Green, & Co. $1.

Poor Folk. By F. Dostoievsky; trans. by Lena Milman. 12mo, pp. 187. Roberts Bros. $1.

Between Two Forces: A Record of a Theory and a Passion. By Flora Helm. 12mo, pp. 238. Arena Pub'g Co. $1.25.

David and Abigail. By B. F. Sawyer, author of "Lucile." 12mo, pp. 300. Arena Pub'g Co. $1.50.

A Modern Magdalene. By Verna Woods, author of "The Amazons." 12mo, pp. 346. Lee & Shepard. $1.25.

The Hon. Stanbury and Others. By Two. 16mo, uncut, pp. 191. Putnam's "Incognito Library." 50 cts.

NEW NUMBERS IN THE PAPER LIBRARIES.

Harper's Franklin Square Library: Sarah — A Survival, by Sydney Christian; 12mo, pp. 278. 50 cts.

Rand, McNally's Rialto Series: His Will and Hers, by Dora Russell; 12mo, pp. 314. 50 cts.

Bonner's Choice Series: Yet She Loved Him, by Mrs. Kate Vaughn, and Jephtha's Daughter, by Julia Magruder; illus., 12mo, pp. 339.— The Mask of Beauty, by Fanny Sewald, trans. by Mary M. Pleasants; illus., 12mo, pp. 340. Each, 50 cts.

Neely's Library of Choice Literature: The Disappearance of Mr. Derwent: A Mystery, by Thomas Cobb; 12mo, pp. 263. 50 cts.

Hagemann's Traveller's Library: The Queen of Ecuador, by R. M. Manley; illus., 12mo, pp. 331. 50 cts.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

The Fairest of the Fair. By Hildegarde Hawthorne. Illus., 16mo, gilt top, pp. 293. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus. $1.25.

On and Off the Saddle: Characteristic Sights and Scenes from the Great Northwest to the Antilles. By Lispenard Rutgers. Illus., 16mo, pp. 201. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.

SCIENCE.

The International Congress of Anthropology. Edited by C. Staniland Wake, on behalf of the Publication Committee. 8vo, gilt top, pp. 375. Chicago: The Schulte Publishing Co. $6.

Studies in Forestry: Being a Short Course of Lectures on the Principles of Sylviculture. By John Nisbet, D. Oec., author of "British Forest Trees." 12mo, uncut, pp. 335. Macmillan & Co. $2.50.

Human Physiology. By John Thornton, M.A., author of "Elementary Physiology." Illus., 12mo, pp. 436. Longmans, Green, & Co. $1.50.

On Double Consciousness. By Alfred Binet. 12mo, pp. 93. Open Court Co. 15 cts.

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL STUDIES.

The Sphere of the State; or, The People as a Body-Politic, With Special Consideration of Certain Present Problems. By Frank Sargent Hoffmann, A.M. 12mo, pp. 275. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

The Nature of the State. By Dr. Paul Carus. 12mo, pp. 56. Open Court Co. 15 cts.

"Common Sense" Applied to Woman Suffrage. By Mary Putnam-Jacobi, M.D. 12mo, pp. 236. Putnam's "Questions of the Day." $1.

The Joint Standard: A Plain Exposition of Monetary Principles and of the Monetary Controversy. By Elijah Helm. 12mo, uncut, pp. 221. Macmillan & Co. $1.10.

The Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions with the Alien Act, etc. 16mo, pp. 26. Lovell's "American History Leaflets." 10 cts.

RELIGION.

The Claims of Christianity. By William Samuel Lilly. 8vo, uncut, pp. 258. D. Appleton & Co. $3.50.

EDUCATION.

The Philosophy of Teaching. By Arnold Tompkins, author of "The Science of Discourse." 12mo, pp. 280. Ginn & Co. 80 cts.

Practical Lessons in Fractions by the Inductive Method, Accompanied by Fraction Cards. By Florence N. Sloane. 12mo, pp. 92. D. C. Heath & Co. 40 cts.

The Elements of Music. With Exercises. By T. H. Bertenshaw, B.A. 12mo, pp. 92. Longmans' "Music Course." 35 cts.

JUVENILE.

Children's Singing Games, with the Tunes to Which They are Sung. Collected and edited by Alice B. Gomme. Illus., oblong 8vo, pp. 70. Macmillan & Co. $1.50.

Up and Down the Nile; or, Young Adventurers in Africa. By Oliver Optic, author of "The Young Navigators." Illus., 12mo, pp. 352. Lee & Shepard. $1.25.

Narcissa; or, The Road to Rome. By Laura E. Richards, author of "Captain January." 12mo, pp. 80. Estes & Lauriat. 50 cts.

Fairy Tales for Little Readers. By Sarah J. Burke. 16mo, pp. 133. A. Lovell & Co. 30 cts.

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